

# COUNTRY LIFE

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From a Painting

LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

By Arnold Mountfort.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Smith-Dorrien .. .. .	311, 312
The Duty of Every Able-bodied Man. (Leader) .. .. .	312
Country Notes .. .. .	313
The Call to Arms, by J. E. M. Barlow .. .. .	313
To the Corner-man, by Dorothy Frances Gurney .. .. .	314
The Horse Owner's Duty to His Country. (Illustrated by Lionel Edwards)	315
One of the Horrors of War, by the Master of Christ's .. .. .	318
The Edinburgh Zoo.—II., by Frank Wallace. (Illustrated) .. .. .	319
Wild Country Life: "Mystery Fishes" of the Lakes, by William T. Palmer .. .. .	322
Kennel Notes: The Dargle Airedales, etc., by A. Croxson Smith (Illustrated) .. .. .	323
Châteaux of France: Ussé, by W. H. Ward. (Illustrated) .. .. .	325
Two Welsh Gatesmiths.—I., by Maxwell Ayrton. (Illustrated) .. .. .	330
A Tale of Country Life: The Deathless Army, by J. M. Dodginton .. .. .	334
Literature .. .. .	335
Germany and England (Professor Cramb); Justice of the Peace (Frederick Niven); Reality (Olive Wadswley).	
Soldier Sportsmen. (Illustrated) .. .. .	336
The Sack of Louvain. (Illustrated) .. .. .	338
On the Green, by Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated)	340
Correspondence .. .. .	341
Ponies as Remounts (T. F. Dale); Heavy Swedish Salmon; Grouse in a Storm (Thomas H. Nelson); The Death of St. Frusquin (W. P. Pyecraft); The Spiral Structure of Trees (Theodore A. Cook); Sporting Tenants and Scottish Laws; A Southern Survival (B. Browne); Bottling Fruit without Sugar; Fruit Preserving (Thomas Ratcliffe); Wild Life in London Parks; Wanted—COUNTRY LIFE (Rosamond Stephen).	
Yearlings for Doncaster.—II. (Illustrated) .. .. .	3*
Agricultural Notes .. .. .	4*
The Automobile World: Voluntary Service. (Illustrated) .. .. .	6*
Shooting Notes: The Cromies of Jura, etc. .. .. .	8*
For Town and Country. (Illustrated) .. .. .	10*

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE DUTY OF EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN.

MR. ASQUITH'S recommendation that meetings should be held in every town and village and that prominent public men should address them in order to explain the cause of the war and the duty it places on every able-bodied man, is excellent. If a few great speakers like Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Charles Beresford would lend their eloquence to the movement, as Mr. Asquith has most patriotically offered to do himself, the result is bound to be good. Lord Kitchener's message shows that we are in the position where a strong effort may bring affairs to a victorious conclusion. But the obvious need of Great Britain is for more troops. Germany's menace lies in the weight of numbers. Regardless of the loss of life in the battle so gloriously fought by the British last week, she brought on company after company of fresh troops to take the places of those whose courage had been quelled by the deadly British fire. The admiration we feel for the skill, valour and determination with which Sir John French and his little army opposed the relentless, crushing tactics of the foe is tempered by shame that this devoted band of heroes should be left to cope with huge forces while there is an abundant supply of young manhood at home which might have been made

available to help them. As a whole the country has answered splendidly to the call made on it, and London, Liverpool, Birmingham and Glasgow have made great records for recruiting; but there is a type of able-bodied young man who seems content to look at others going without offering to go himself. In every village some are to be seen hanging round only half employed. No task of the day is more important than that of rousing up these laggards. Most of them suffer from ignorance and lack of imagination. They have been lulled into such a feeling of security by the centuries during which this island has been free from attack that they regard the war as something remote and unreal, something that never can affect their own peace and well-being. They do not understand what we are fighting for, that England for nearly a generation has been regarded as "the Enemy" by Germany, and that when German officers have drunk to "The Hour" they were thinking of the very moment that has arrived. They read of the German atrocities, peaceful villages burnt, inhabitants barbarously killed, even children put to the sword, women and young girls violated, and do not grasp the fact that unless our Army is strengthened so that it can do more than hold its own, there is a possibility that scenes of pillage, rape and carnage will be witnessed in Great Britain. The struggle is one for individual as well as national existence.

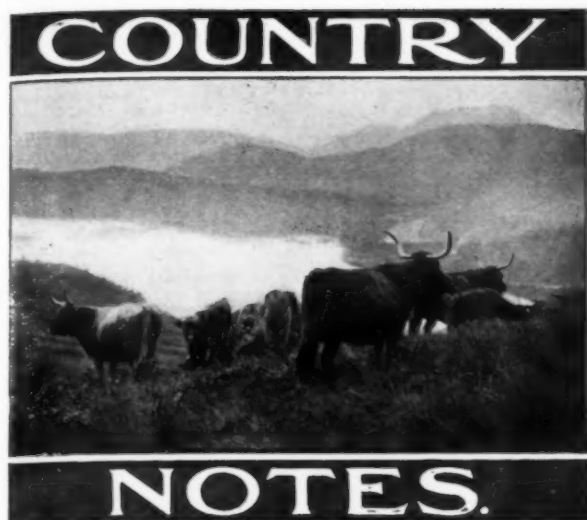
Recruiting has become the most important business of the hour, and to make it effectual every ounce of energy must be made to bear. We shall rejoice if a new Army can be formed by volunteers, but if these are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers the alternative is conscription. Before having recourse to the latter, all the arts of persuasion should be tried. Men of standing and fame should take up the cry uttered so long and persistently by Lord Roberts. By the multitude he was regarded as but a voice crying in the wilderness; they will listen to the message in a different mood now. Late as it is, no time should be lost in beginning to stir up the people to a sense of impending calamity. The women of the country are in a favourable position to second such efforts. It devolves upon them to persuade the individual man or men over whom they have influence. Let them make it known that they wish duty to be put before all else, and that they will have neither friendship nor favour for the slackers who remain indifferent to their country's need. At a crisis such as this there should be no tears or holding back. The example to set before them is that of Lord Torrington and his nine cross-country friends who enlisted with him, and the recruits of the Royal Fusiliers. It devolves upon all, rich and poor, gentle and simple, to take their places side by side for the defence of the country. Let those be made officers who show the greater zeal and ability. If every young woman rose to the occasion she would not be seen in public with any young man not in uniform.

Employers of labour can assist in many ways. They can remove one great cause of anxiety by promising to keep for everyone who goes out the position he held before the war. Further, they can cease to employ, except for necessary work that demands it, any able-bodied men who are fit to go to the front. Wherever work can be done by old men, children or women it should be put into their hands. Nor should it be enough for a man to plead that he has discharged his duty by enrolling as a special constable. The flower of the country's manhood is not required for that. Soldiers are the pressing need, and the more freely recruits come forward the quicker will the war be brought to a conclusion. As Mr. Asquith has said, we have been forced to draw the sword, and it will not be returned to the scabbard till its work has been done. The limitless resources of the Empire will be drawn upon till we succeed, and if no other way is practicable, the country will not hesitate to enforce universal service. That is the only right and manly attitude; at any rate, it is better than the easy optimism which minimises the rebuffs on the French frontier and magnifies the success of Russia.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Smith-Dorrien, wife of General Sir Horace Lockwood Smith-Dorrien, G.C.B., who succeeded the late General Grierson.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.



THE well-founded public confidence in the Secretary for War was brilliantly exemplified last week. On Saturday and Sunday a feeling of gloom had been spreading over the country, and the news issued on Sunday had done nothing to relieve it. To put the case in a nutshell, everybody believed that whatever generalship could achieve, Sir John French would not leave undone, and his Army was equally trusted, but such accounts had been given of the overwhelming numbers and energy of the enemy that it was feared we might be expecting the impossible from our troops. Then on Monday Lord Kitchener's message was issued through the Press Bureau and all was changed. It was a new and splendid page he added to our brilliant military annals. Under the most trying circumstances the Army had acquitted itself with a steady valour not exceeded at Waterloo, and there had been charges like those of the Scots Greys which added new laurels to regiments already famous. At the end came the assurance that the wild rumours were all untrue. The Army was intact; not a gun had been lost save those of which the horses had been killed or those shattered by gun fire; but these had been replaced and every gap in the ranks had been more than filled. When the newspapers had been read, England breathed a sigh of relief.

A brilliant naval success on the North Sea had been reported on the previous Saturday. Here again there had been much apprehension. Everybody knew how well the Navy had done its work—that was evident from the safety of traffic in the Atlantic and by daylight on the North Sea. But the devilish trick of sowing mines in the open sea had borne evil fruit. True, the vessels to suffer had only been those of peaceful fishermen or traders, but it was felt that something more might happen at any moment. It was supposed that everything done here was transmitted by spies. What was the surprise and gratification then to find that a body of destroyers, headed by the gallant little *Arethusa* and supported by battle cruisers, had in the dimness of a misty morning crept over to the other side of the North Sea and under the very forts of Heligoland engaged a fleet placed there most likely for purposes of observation. When the German destroyers were attacked, battleships came out and joined in the fray, but the end was disastrous to the enemy. Two of their destroyers were sunk and one steamed away in flames and evidently sinking. Two cruisers and probably a third, the *Ariadne*, were destroyed.

Lord Kitchener's statement puts an entirely different complexion on the situation. The German chance lay in striking before the British had got properly into position. As a matter of fact, before the soldiers who had arrived in the front had begun to dig trenches, shells and bullets fell in such fearful quantities that they could not continue the work. But by the plucky and determined stand they made not only have they given the Germans a lesson which must shake the boldest when they are again ordered to attack in close formation, but they have secured opportunity for entrenching themselves and making the other preparations for defence. As we write the situation is that the Germans are urged by every consideration of self-preservation to exert all their strength for the purpose of getting in a

tremendous blow. If they fail to do this, the Russians will be at Berlin long before they get within striking distance of Paris, and the hurried retreat they will then be forced to make will lay them open to the fatal attack of the Allies. After Sir John French has so splendidly demonstrated his ability to hold the ground without preparation, he may be depended upon to do more now that he has been allowed time to fortify and entrench.

A feeling of gratitude and affection was roused in the public by the kindly and encouraging address of Lord Roberts to the recruits of the Royal Fusiliers on Saturday. It was a well deserved send off to those who had assembled in Temple Gardens prior to their taking the oath of loyalty, which is the last incident in the formality of enlistment. They are a very fine body of recruits, comparable in physique and general appearance to the best of our troops. Nearly all are young men who are leaving a calling or profession to give their services to King and Country at the age when positions in life are made. Many had previously applied for commissions, but finding that the vacancies for officers had filled up very rapidly, rather than do nothing they chose to go as privates. Lord Roberts was not unmindful of this fact, or that in certain cases unsuccessful applicants for commissions have refused to enter the Army at all. He stigmatised this as being entirely wrong. When duty calls, it is as honourable to serve as a private as it is to command as an officer. The right way is that of Lord Torrington, who was formerly a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, but has now enlisted as a private. With him are nine gentleman jockeys. They belong to those who care nothing for pay, "they only want to fight the Germans."

But this piece of criticism was only incidental and by the way. The main point in this heartening address was the wise old commander's expression of pride in this intelligent body of men because they had laid everything aside except the desire to serve their country. Would that the example might fire those who have not so much to give up! In the country districts the complaint is very frequently heard that the flower of the rural manhood are going to the front and that many have enlisted who could be ill spared, while there is a reluctance on the part of those who have fewer responsibilities. It is not a proper state of things that under our volunteer system the very pick of our young men go to fight and the lazy and unpatriotic stay at home. Where, as often happens, mere ignorance stands in the way of enlistment, the excellent recruiting bureau which Mr. Ian Malcolm has led into East Anglia might be as successfully employed elsewhere. His expedition consisted of four motor-cars lent by the Automobile Association and manned by a magistrate, a recruiting officer, secretary and surgeon.

#### THE CALL TO ARMS.

Stern is the Call and ready the response;  
And I, beloved, that love thee more than all  
In the wide earth, would sooner know thine ears  
Stopped up by Death,  
Thy lips for ever dumb,  
Than that thou shouldst not answer to the Call.

Stern is the Call. My eyes grow blind with tears.  
Though my heart break, God help me to be brave!  
And if He will this kiss should be our last  
'Tis worth the more.  
And precious are the tears  
And proud the grief that claims a Soldier's Grave.  
J. E. M. BARLOW.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in an interview with Mr. William G. Sheppard, the representative of the United Press Association of America, has put the cause for which we are fighting in a very effective phrase. It is a contest between democracy and "the highly efficient imperialistic bureaucracy and military organisation of Prussia." This is to be welcomed as a counterblast to the cry which was originally invented by certain German professors and is still being repeated by them. Only a week ago Professor Lamprecht preached on the text that Germany represents culture against barbarism. He said that Germany was now the protector and the pillar of European civilisation, and that the healing of the world would come through its being Germanised. We do not hear that he referred to the sack of Louvain as an object-lesson in German culture! The present



state of opinion in Germany is very largely due to foolish language of this kind, and in any campaign made for the purpose of bringing home to the minds of the British people what this war means and what brought it about, we hope that academic theories will be carefully missed out. It has been suggested that a number of Oxford and Cambridge professors should go round speaking at the various villages. But it may not be too late to point out that the men wanted are not book students and theorists, but those who have been accustomed to the handling of great affairs and can speak at once with breadth and authority.

Very little sympathy should be given to those newspapers which are clamouring against the strictness of the censorship. As far as can be seen, those who are responsible—that is to say, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. F. E. Smith—have taken the public into their confidence as fully as was desirable. We have not got a detailed list of the casualties, but anyone with the slightest imagination can easily understand that Sir John French and his officers must have had the whole of their energies concentrated on the very difficult task they have had to perform. They sympathise with the anxieties of those who have friends at the front, but the preservation of the British Army stands first. General French has had a most difficult task to accomplish, and those who recognise that the Army is at length emerging out of the unprecedented difficulties it has had to combat should try to suppress their private grief for the time being. In regard to the actual incidents of the war, the military authorities must be permitted to judge concerning what would and what would not be of service to the enemy. At the same time, all the papers cannot be censored by the same hand, and if there are discrepancies, if one paper is accidentally allowed to publish names which have been struck out of the message of another, this cannot be helped. Whoever is reading the messages must make up his mind in a second as to the importance or non-importance of certain facts; and that the judgment of one should differ from the judgment of another is only natural and human.

Not for many years has the British food supply been so abundant as it is this autumn. From the revised statement of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries of the Agricultural Returns of the United Kingdom, we learn that the wheat crop is ten per cent. larger than that of 1913 and considerably above the average of the last ten years. Barley is also an excellent crop, though oats are a little under average. The potato crop in England and Scotland is a splendid one, but in Ireland it is ten per cent. less than last year. The increase in the acreage devoted to wheat was 150,000 and to potatoes 33,000. In livestock the increase is highly satisfactory. In fact, the number of cattle in the United Kingdom is larger than in any previous year. The increase in the number of pigs amounts to twenty per cent., and of sheep we have half a million more than the preceding year, and of cattle a quarter of a million. These figures speak for themselves. They do not, indeed, show that the country is self-supporting, but Providence has decreed a state of affairs which could not easily be bettered. It remains only that the in-gathering should be attended to with all possible industry. Those who are short of employment may be called on to help, and those who are under the age and beyond the age for enlistment will, we are sure, do their duty in the fields as faithfully as our soldiers are doing theirs in battle.

Those who have made a self-denying ordinance as to sport and intend to refrain from giving or attending shooting parties this year will we hope take care, nevertheless, that the usual head of game is killed. Already the wounded are being sent home from the war, and during convalescence either at hospitals or homes will derive much benefit from a diet which includes game. It would, in any event, be a poor compliment to those who are with the Army if the grouse moors were not shot, since the conclusion emerged very plainly from the famous Report that overstocking is a certain cause of disease. On English manors partridges are exceptionally plentiful this year, coveys of fifteen and more having been noted in most of the famous partridge counties. We certainly would not like to see them killed by able-bodied men who should be at the front, but there is no earthly reason why those who are from any reason unfit for service shall not shoot the birds or get their gamekeepers to do so. No one

knows what may happen, and in game may be found a considerable item of food supply that may become of special importance to the country.

The fact is that game would have to be thinned down even if it were impossible for anybody to take pleasure in sport. For example, to leave a large stock of pheasants on the ground would be very detrimental to the interests of agriculture. Besides, the pheasant may very properly be regarded as the very prince of chickens for the table. He stands high in the list of foods that can be safely given to the recovering soldiers. There is no hurry about the matter. By the time the shooting season opens in October there will probably be far more invalids who are able to take advantage of the plentifulness of game. Where it is inconvenient to dispose of the bag in this way there should be no hesitation in selling the birds, as the money would come in useful for the many demands on one's purse which are made by the necessity of helping one's neighbours. So far there has been a disposition to avoid the deer forests and neglect the killing of venison. We hope this will not continue either, as there is a great deal of splendid food in the forests and, at any rate, overstocking is as injurious in them as it is on the grouse moors.

Many letters to the papers, and other more authoritative warnings, draw attention to the risk of overlapping of the many and diverse charities connected with the war, and to the danger of some of their funds being diverted to wrong and unworthy channels. It is a danger that should be appreciated. At the same time there is another point that should be kept in view by those who have any responsibility for the distribution of these funds. In the case of Reservists or Territorials called up to the colours, it is manifest that the absence of the breadwinner is likely to mean distress to the wife and family at home—it is mainly for their relief that the funds are formed. It should be remembered that these are not people who have been in the habit of receiving, or who have ever conceived themselves, perhaps, as the possible recipients of charity. Charity, alms, are words that seem to carry a sense of humiliation to all who benefit by them. It ought to be clearly explained to those to whom such help at need is offered that it is help to which they have a perfectly just claim. They should not be induced to deem themselves recipients of "charity," but of a wage thoroughly well earned by the patriotic act of their breadwinner, a wage which the nation clearly owes them and which it pays gladly, and with full recognition of its justice.

#### TO THE CORNER-MAN.

What doest thou here, oh skulker in the plain?  
Is not the battle yet enough severe?  
Not long enough the tally of the slain?  
Or dost thou wait till fiercer grows the strife  
Before thou venture thine unworthy life?

Go up! go up, oh coward, to the fight!  
Drink to its uttermost dregs the bitter cup!  
Thy God shall pass thee in the whirlwind's might,  
And in the earthquake of a million feet  
Shall pass thee in the fire's intensest heat.

But it may be that if thou bear thee well,  
Thy happy cars shall hear, thine eyes shall see,  
Living, or dying even in that red hell,  
The still, small Voice divine of lovely Peace  
The splendour of the God of Victories.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

Another proof has come to light of the fact that Germany, whatever her professions might be at the moment, had long been under preparation for war. There have been many doubts as to the ability of Germany to feed her people during any considerable period, as she recently has become an increased importer of food-stuffs. The secret is out at last, however. It is announced from Toronto that officials who have knowledge of the grain shipments from Canada are convinced that Germany has been saving up wheat for the last twelve months. The ground on which they base their conclusion is that two-thirds of the wheat sent from Montreal went to Rotterdam and Antwerp for shipment to Germany. Up to August 31st 36,000,000 bushels were consigned to that country. This fact, taken with the orders given to the captains of various



German ships that were abroad as early as mid-June, shows that Germany's plan was deliberate. The more we are convinced of this, the more does the hypocrisy of the German Emperor become apparent. All his declamation about being forced to draw the sword in self-defence was but the loud outcry of the guilty one who hopes to conceal his intentions by professing what he knows to be absolutely untrue.

Lord Torrington and the cross-country riders who have volunteered to join the Army as privates form a gallant little band, who have set a splendid example. They are equally indifferent to pay and position, all they want being to fight the Germans. That is what we expect from spirited young Englishmen. If Lord Kitchener's new Army is to be

thoroughly efficient the officers should be selected with the utmost care, not only on the general ground that the efficiency of any great organisation depends on the goodness of its several parts, but because occasions are continuously arising in warfare when the lives of the privates depend on the skill and coolness of those leading them at the moment. Lord Torrington's action will have far more effect than any amount of argument on those disappointed youths who have not gone to the front because they could not get a commission. The maintenance of class distinction serves no use just now. Man and master can fight side by side in good comradeship. They will fight in the spirit of good King Harry, "For he to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother," and let him come whence he may "This day shall gentle his condition."

## THE HORSE OWNER'S DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY.



BRINGING IN HUNTERS FROM GRASS.

WITH commendable promptitude the Government has acted upon the suggestion put forward in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of August 22nd. This was that owners should condition their horses before handing them over to the military authorities. A request has been made by the War Office that those who still have horses out at grass should get them up and condition them, informing the War Office when they are fit. It is a cause for satisfaction that our suggestion has borne timely fruit, and experience in the past has demonstrated the need of doing something of the kind. We have not forgotten the terrible losses suffered in the South African War because horses were employed on service before they were in condition. A horse in hard condition is at least three times as valuable in a campaign as one that is raw and green. It is not too much to say that one hard horse is equal to three soft ones. The inevitable waste of horseflesh in modern warfare is very great, and cavalry working as a screen are efficient in proportion to the fitness for hard work of their horses. We may be sure that most of our remaining horses will be commandeered sooner or later. There is no way in which we can do better service than by taking them up from grass and working them steadily into condition.

What we want is not horses trained to be able to gallop, but horses full of muscle and well covered with hard, firm flesh. A horse fairly high in flesh can carry more weight

than a thin horse; the hard, firm flesh is a reserve against the hard time which will certainly come to the horses as well as the men on service. A horse should, indeed, have no fat inside or out. I well recollect marching in a column with two batteries, the horses of one commanded by a famous horse artillery officer who never spared horses or men, that were hard, and if thin by the end of the march they were fit; whereas another battery with a number of fat horses, which looked beautiful on parade, lost on one day's march three horses, taken out of one gun, badly galled. Of course, the loss was temporary, but for the time being the gun was crippled. I rode on, and did not see the battery again. It is quite possible that after a few days a battery with horses in bad condition would lose its mobility to a great extent.

In responding to the War Office circular and endeavouring to bring our horses into campaigning condition we have to consider certain points. The troop horse is not wanted for fast work as a rule. He is needed for long marches; he must be able to carry his saddle for many hours at a time, and he must not be too much coddled or pampered. To begin with, when we take the future charger up from grass we should treat him just as we would a hunter. Look to his feet, to his teeth, and give him a mild dose of medicine after a three-days' preparation on bran and linseed mashes. We shall watch carefully for the presence of worms; they



HORSES FROM GRASS SHOULD BE STABLED IN LOOSE BOXES WITH HALF-DOORS ALWAYS OPEN.

are a great hindrance to good condition. The old Sledmere remedy—a gill of cold drawn linseed oil and an ounce of spirits of turpentine—is as good as ever. These matters attended to, we have to put the horses into work. We want a great deal of long, slow work, beginning at about five miles a day, going up by degrees (and slow degrees) to about twenty miles, with about two hours of walking exercise included. The greater part of the work ought to be given on the roads. They should work every day except Wednesdays and Sundays, when they ought to have short walking exercise in the morning. The object of the work on the roads is to harden the legs. The exercise must be as varied as possible and horses should be accustomed to as many sights and sounds as possible. Trotting uphill is excellent for the wind and to put muscle on the



A FIRST LESSON IN MILITARY PICKETING.

quarters. After six weeks or two months, if hounds are hunting, some steady work, not too prolonged for the sake of the sport, may be given. Horses should also be taught to jump steadily over ordinary easy fences. It is a good thing to break them to harness in a light four-wheel. As to the feeding, this must be liberal. Horses should not be clothed at all heavily or shut in hot stables; open sheds are the best shelter. They ought also to be taught to be picketed in military fashion. The horses should not be exposed needlessly, but be hardened in every way. It can do no harm to vary the work by simple school exercises, such as reining back, cantering steadily in figures of eight and changing the fore and hind legs easily at the turns. Everything that tends to make a horse quiet and handy is so much to the good. All this is well within the competence



of anyone. There should, however, be no fast work, nor any strain on the horse. If a horse loses flesh the work should be diminished. Above all, the training should not be hurried. If we follow out these simple plans our horses will go on service with the best possible chance of doing good service. A horse that is a quiet, handy hack in the streets or on the road is already a partly made trooper. X.

#### ANOTHER METHOD.

AS this subject has so much interest and importance just now, we asked another contributor of great practical experience in the care and management of riding horses to give an account of the manner in which he conditions his horses, and his response was as follows. In a private note, however, he points out that horses intended to be used for warfare should be allowed to make as much hard flesh as possible:

The invitation given by the War Office to every horse owner who has animals out at grass, that he should take them up and condition them, is one that it is to be hoped will be taken to heart and acted upon throughout the country. No hunting man would dream of putting a grass-fed hunter into hard work. When the War Office makes a second call for horses the authorities will be greatly helped by finding conditioned horses available, and as this is the season when many hunters will be ready to come in from grass, there should be a very large number of remounts ready if the official request is responded to. It may be helpful to some of your readers who wish to accept the invitation if I give my own practice. I do so because it is rather different from the ordinary custom, but it has the merit, at least, in my own experience, of efficacy. In the first place, let me say that when taking them up I never physic my horses. For the first week, twice a day with the morning and evening feeds I mix a double handful of linseed, which has been boiled to a jelly, giving it when warm. To begin with, I do not give more than 2lb. or 3lb. of crushed oats each day, which quantity is gradually increased as condition improves and work increases. For the second week the linseed is given only once a day; in the third week I miss every other day, and in the fourth week the linseed is only given once, after which ordinary stable practices can be followed. For at least three weeks the horses are never rugged, and windows and stable doors are left wide open. I never tie the horses up,

for my stalls have all been converted into loose-boxes by means of two bars placed across them. Although I frequently bring my horses straight from grass to a London stable, they have never once caught cold, which is an evil to be dreaded, for it means a further two or three weeks' delay in conditioning them. When I am preparing horses in the country, and have the opportunity of letting them run at grass, I turn them out into the meadows for two or three hours each day for a week or so, and find it unnecessary to give anything like the same quantity of linseed. The horses are thus gradually brought on to the hard food. When they first come into the stable, for two or three days I give them unmounted walking exercise by leading them beside another horse. After that they are mounted and gently exercised. I have found it an excellent practice to use a thick felt numnah beneath the saddle and to stitch pieces of sheep's wool on the girths. By taking these



STEADY WALKING EXERCISE.

precautions there is no fear of saddle or girth galls. Just now, instead of driving every day, I am riding green horses with two of my children to the station, which is five miles from my house, and the children lead the horses home. They are light-weights, and do not distress the horses, while I take it in turns to ride a different horse each day. In the course of



a very few days the horses cease to sweat, and can be taken at a good trot on the outward journey; on the return they travel in a more leisurely fashion. May I suggest that horse owners should give their men instructions not to groom the

horses that are fresh in from grass with the usual idea of getting a polish on them. If the surface dirt is taken off, it is all that is necessary. It should be remembered that troop horses will not see much of a dandy brush.  
H.

## ONE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

By A. E. SHIPLEY.

*Wherefore we should not be childishly contemptuous of the study of the most insignificant animals. For there is something marvellous in all natural objects.—ARISTOTLE.*

THE subject is an unpleasant one, but in times like these it is well to speak plainly lest worse things befall. One of the greatest discomforts armies suffer from is due to the presence, in incredible numbers, on the bodies of the soldiers of a small ecto-parasite known as the louse. Wherever men are aggregated in large numbers with little opportunity for cleansing their bodies or changing their clothes, lice almost invariably appear and quickly spread. In the South African War the prevalence of these insects was a source of serious trouble, not only from the irritation that they cause, and from the fact that they seriously disturb the soldiers' sleep, but they also act as carriers of most dangerous disease.

To the entomologist the louse is an interesting insect, belonging to the small group Anoplura, which has but six genera and some forty species. The most prominent of these in regard to human activities are the *Pediculus capitis* and the *Pediculus vestimenti*. Although distressingly common in poorer parts of towns, only recently has any detailed and accurate information as to the life history of either species come to hand. Five years ago, however, at the request of the Local Government Board, Mr. C. Warburton of Cambridge undertook an enquiry into the habits and life history of the body-louse (*P. vestimenti*), and his results have been published in an official Report of that Board. This species is truly the *body-louse*. It does not occur on the head or the face, the hands or the fore-arm or the feet.

The insect as we know it in England is almost transparent, and of a whitish or yellowish grey, rather dirty appearance; but it so far flatters its host as to adapt its hue to the surface upon which it lives, and being cosmopolitan, its opportunities in this direction are considerable. According to Andrew Murray, the lice "of the West African and Australian are nearly black; those of the Hindoo, dark and smoky; those of the Afrikaner and Hottentot, orange; those of the Chinese and Japanese, yellowish brown; of the Indians of the Andes, dark brown; of the Digger Indians of California, dusky olive; and those of the more North American Indians near the Esquimaux, paler approaching to the light colour of the parasites of the European."

As is usual in invertebrates, the female is larger than the male. The former attains a length of 3.3 m.m., whereas the male is but 3 m.m. long. The head is but slightly separated from the thorax, and the thorax passes almost imperceptibly into the flattened abdomen, which has eight segments. The legs are long, and terminate in a single hooked claw, which can be folded down on to a projection on one of the joints of the legs, much in the way as one's forefinger can be applied to the top of one's thumb. The head bears a pair of five-jointed antennæ and two black eyes. The animal is able from time to time to shoot out from its head a minute tube in which lie certain lancelets, and it is this tube which pierces the skin, and through its channel the blood is conveyed from the host into the alimentary canal of the insect.

One of the reasons why we have been for so many years in ignorance of the life history of these little creatures is that, in spite of popular belief, they are extremely difficult to keep alive. When you want them to live they die, when you want them to die they have an inveterate habit of living. They can only be kept alive somewhere about the temperature of the body, 20 deg. C. or over, and Mr. Warburton found the best way to rear them was to place them on pieces of cloth enclosed in glass tubes stoppered with cotton wool. The glass tubes were then placed in thin metal tubes for fear of breaking, and the whole was kept in contact with the body night and day. Of the two species with which this article deals, *P. vestimenti* was the easier to rear. It survived longer under adverse conditions. Twice a day the insects were fed. The body-louse shows a strange disinclination to leave the clothes, and even when feeding still clings with its claw-like feet to the wool of the shirt or other underclothing. Hence, in feeding them there is little danger of their trespassing beyond the small area of the cloth to which they always cling.

A single female was placed in the glass tube, and on the second day of its captivity a male was introduced into the tube. Five days later they paired, and very shortly after-

wards the first eggs appeared. The eggs are normally deposited on the wool of the underclothing. They were laid at an average rate of five every twenty-four hours, so that in twenty-five days 124 eggs were obtained. They, like the adults, are extraordinarily delicate, and very few of the first batch hatched out. Any attempt to move them was fatal, but of twenty-four eggs left undisturbed on the cloth where they had been laid, eight hatched out after a period of eight days. Another batch had an incubation period of a month. Even when hatched the difficulties were not over, for the rearing of the larvæ to the adult condition was the most troublesome part of the experiment. Like other young animals, they are difficult to control, and much more given to wander about than their parents. It is but natural that they should wish to disperse and set up a home in new surroundings. Immediately after hatching out, the larvæ are capable of piercing the human skin and feeding. And as they grow in size they moult, they attain their mature form about the eleventh day, having moulted at pretty regular intervals three times, and, as a rule, they live three weeks after their final moult. As Mr. Warburton says: The life cycle of the insect, as indicated by these experiments, would appear to be the following:

Incubation period .. .. .	Eight days to five weeks.
From larva to imago .. .. .	Eleven days.
Non-functional mature condition ..	Four days.
Adult life .. .. .	Male, three weeks; female, four weeks.

But it must be remembered that these figures are arrived at under somewhat abnormal circumstances, and probably should be slightly altered for animals living in a natural state. Very few survive starving for four or five days, but the newly hatched larvæ perish in a day and a half if they are kept without food, although the egg may remain alive for over a month. *P. capitis*, which lives in the hair of the head, has a similar form. It lays rather beautiful eggs adherent to the hairs, which are called "nits"; but its life history is not so fully known, and it is even more difficult to rear in captivity.

The whole question of these ecto-parasites is one of very considerable importance in an army "in being." Men have a horror of such creatures, and many of the officers to whom I have talked express a greater dread of lice than of bullets. I have, therefore, with the collaboration of Professor Nuttall, drawn up the following rules:

- (1) Search your person as often as possible for signs of the presence of lice, i.e., their bites. As soon as these are found, lose no time in taking the measures noted under paragraph 4.
- (2) Try not to sleep where others, especially the unclean, have slept before. Consider this in choosing a camping ground.
- (3) Change your clothing as often as practicable. After clothes have been discarded for a week the lice are usually dead of starvation. Change clothes at night if possible, and place your clothing away from that of others. Jolting of carts in transport aids in spreading the lice, which also become disseminated by crawling about from one kit to another. Infested clothing and blankets, until dealt with, should be kept apart as far as possible.
- (4) If lice are found on the person, they may be readily destroyed by the application of either petrol, paraffin oil, turpentine, xylol or benzine to the head in the case of *P. capitis*. The application may be repeated on two or more days if the infestation is heavy. Fine combs are useful in detecting and removing vermin from the head. Tobacco extract has been advocated failing other available remedies. In the case of *P. vestimenti*, the lice can be killed as follows: Underclothes may be scalded, say, once in ten days. Turn coats, waistcoats, trousers, etc., inside out, examine beneath the folds at the seams and expose these places to as much heat as can be borne before a fire, against a boiler, or allow a jet of steam from a kettle or boiler to travel especially along the seams. The clothing will soon dry. If available, a hot flat-iron may be used to kill vermin in clothing. Petrol or paraffin will also kill nits and lice in clothing.
- (5) As far as possible, avoid scratching the irritated part.
- (6) Privates would benefit by instruction in these matters.
- (7) Apart from the physical discomfort and loss of sleep induced by the attacks of lice, it should be noted that they have been shown to be the carriers of typhus and relapsing fever from infected to healthy persons. Typhus, especially, has played havoc in the past, and has been a dread accompaniment of war.

By being warned and carrying out such of the above recommendations as were compatible with life in the field, a relative of mine who served in the South African War escaped completely any trouble from lice, and he was the only officer and the only man in his regiment who did.

Well, as I said at the beginning of this article, it is a disagreeable subject; as "Emigration Jane" exclaimed, "Well, there's nothink lower than Nature, An' She Goes As 'Igh As 'Eaven."

# THE EDINBURGH ZOO.—II.

**I**N my first article I touched on the origin of the Zoological Gardens at Edinburgh and their more salient features, especially the Polar bears' pool. Since the publication of that article the Society have suffered several losses. The Weddell seal and the sea elephant have both, unfortunately, succumbed, though two sea lions have been added to the stock. Disaster, too, has overtaken one of the European brown bears, a cub not more than two years old. One of the visitors threw a biscuit which the cub grabbed. A three year old bear came shuffling up and tried to get hold of the biscuit, which the cub refused to give up. The older bear then attacked it, and by the time the keepers had been summoned the fight was practically over. One of the keepers went in to take out the little bear, when the bigger one came back and mauled it again. The poor little beast was very badly torn, all the flesh and muscle on one shoulder being chewed up and the skin ripped off one side. He only survived an hour. Other animals received since my visit are African buffalo, situtunga, an Indian tigress, some Australian pelicans, kangaroos, giant kingfishers and megapodes, a genus in which the first toe is placed on the same level as the others. They



BORED: ONE OF THE SEVEN LEOPARDS.

are chiefly remarkable for their nesting habits. The eggs are deposited in sand or in a mound raised by one or more pairs of birds, and incubated by the heat caused by the fermentation of the decaying vegetable matter and the warmth of the sun. The young are fully feathered when hatched and are able to fly almost from birth. They are represented by some fifteen species distributed over the Pacific Islands and Australia. The accommodation for the birds is not yet complete, and the existing ponds for the waterfowl are small. The cost of excavating on the sloping hillside is very great in proportion to the water surface gained. In addition, the lack of water to which I have already alluded is a drawback; but more ponds will be added later on, and if an artificial loch is made at the top of the, at present, undeveloped portion of the site, much of

the difficulty will be overcome. It is a matter which is worthy of the grave consideration of the council, the estimated cost, I believe, working out at about five thousand pounds. Aviaries, both for small birds and birds of prey, are needed, and also a large waders' aviary. It might possibly have been better to place these latter—storks, cranes, etc.—in a large pond where the sea elephant



J. McKechnie.

TWO SEA-LIONS AND A SEAL.

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SQUIRREL.



CANADIAN PORCUPINE.



MARMOT.

pool is at present situated, and to have arranged the sea elephant pool near that of the Polar bears.

Sir Robert Harvey has presented a pair of young rheas and the Duke of Bedford a white pair. The ruffs and knots in their present quarters are very attractive, as is the beautiful little snowy egret. The Demoiselle cranes, flamingoes and storks are also very popular. I have never seen finer specimens of peacocks than those which promenaded the terraces and walks of the gardens. They add very greatly to their attractions. It may be mentioned here that the Society have adopted the Solan goose or gannet as their badge, this being the first specimen acquired. It was blown on to Leith Pier two years ago and purchased for half a crown.

A large flight aviary, soft, long, already exists, and is inhabited by parrots; there are also several smaller ones, and more will be added. Among the

presenting as great a variety of species in as natural a manner as possible are many; but seven leopards, fine specimens as they are, are not really any more interesting than two or three while they eat up a good deal of food. The same remark applies to such animals as sheep, goats, ponies, etc. The general public are not particularly interested in them because they can see them, or something very like them, almost anywhere. Other and more attractive species, once there, could be fed at the same expense. To a certain section they are no doubt most interesting. Much useful work can be instituted by breeding and hybridising in zoological parks, but this is a step which may well be postponed until such gardens are firmly established as paying concerns.

It is scarcely fair to criticise when the gardens at Edinburgh have only been started so short a time and were far from complete at the time of



A WALLABY.



STRIPED HYENA.



COYOTE—FEELING FAR FROM THE PRAIRIE.

smaller enclosures, that situated at the back of the clubhouse contains marmots and squirrels, while the American porcupine is close by. The prairie marmots, or prairie dogs as they are called, are always amusing. As they sit on the edge of the burrows ready to flick in at a moment's notice, at a distance they resemble tent-pegs; while their shrill whistle is a familiar sound to all who have travelled in country where they are plentiful.

At the inception of gardens of this kind the organisers naturally want all the support they can get. It is not always diplomatic to refuse gifts, but it struck me that there were too many animals of the same species. The difficulties in the way of

my visit. There are two buildings, however, which, so to speak, hit the visitor in the eye. One is the bandstand, an enormous green and white structure dominating the lawn before the house; the other is the so-called "Caravanserai" shelter and tearoom. Arranged in a succession of roofed terraces with windows in the sides, it is designed somewhat after the fashion of an Eastern courtyard, and is, in the opinion of many, completely out of keeping with its surroundings. A wide open walk down the centre enables the elephant to promenade for the delectation of tea-drinkers. The monkey house is situated in a corner of one of the old gardens, surrounded by a fine holly



J. McKechnie.

A MONKEY TRICK.

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A SOLAN GOOSE.



COCKATOO.



THE RUFF.



KING PENGUIN.



THE FLAMINGO'S MIRROR.



ROCKHOPPER PENGUIN.



J. McKechnie

WHITE RHEA: MALE GOING ON NEST.

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hedge which provides excellent shelter. An inner brick-built sleeping place with several distinct compartments communicates with a roofed playground with an open front and a large outdoor cage. A tree has been placed here, and the monkeys, even in the early spring when I saw them, were revelling in this sun-trap, swinging and chasing each other from bough to bough.

The lions' cage, which is situated in a rather out-of-the-way corner of the garden, is not yet tenanted, so I will postpone an account of this until later. The Society already possesses some very fine lions and lionesses. One male is particularly handsome. The enclosure for the wolves has not yet been started. This occupies a site at the extreme end of what I will call the developed portion of the gardens, and will run from where the stables, etc., stand to a point about 300ft. east, through a strip of woodland growing on a rocky slope. It will be fenced with steel netting. This enclosure, the



BABY ELEPHANT.

offers a magnificent range for many attractive ungulates. I was talking to a friend of mine recently who has world-wide experience of zoological gardens, and he remarked: "It is a wonderful site without being too much exposed. I would sooner be a captive animal there than anywhere." Capital, as I have said, is needed, and if these articles induce any philanthropic millionaire to pay the gardens a visit and endow them with a handsome sum, I shall feel that they have not been written in vain.

FRANK WALLACE.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### "MYSTERY FISHES" OF THE LAKES.

THE problem of fish distribution has disturbed many minds, yet the discovery of the laws which dot species of fish in random fashion is apparently as far off as ever. The lakes in Cumberland, Westmorland and North



ELAND AND CALF.



LLAMA.

aviaries I have mentioned, a small mammal, insect and reptile houses are urgently needed. A sum of about £5,000 would be required to enable the Society to build these. On the gate the gardens are paying extremely well, but there is a great deal yet to do, and the work of laying out the grounds is being kept back owing to lack of capital. It is quite impracticable to attempt to start laying out the forty-eight acres composing the upper portion of the site until the lower portion has been completed. This it is which will be the great attraction of the gardens in years to come. It is unrivalled in natural advantages and

Lancashire hold a full sheaf of questions—and no answers. The gwyniad or skelly or fresh-water herring, as it is variously called by authors ancient and modern, occurs only in Ullswater

and Haweswater, in the north-eastern quarter of the Lake Country. In the lake first named it is exclusively a bottom feeder, and reputed to be temptable by no bait. In Haweswater it will on occasion rise to the fly, but, being very variable in its moods, it is hardly a sporting fish. In ancient days the position of the schools of skellies was of great importance to the fisherfolk of both lakes. When changing from one reach to another, the great shoals would come near the surface and be within



J. McKechnie.

FROM THE DESERT.

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reach of nets deftly placed. The fishers would combine, and a line of nets would be stretched from one shore to another, just where the lake was narrowest. From Geordie Crag to Skelly Nab was the usual midway place in Ullswater, while the narrow gap between the delta of Measand Becks and the Naddle shore was bridged on Haweswater. At such times, night after night, the catch was prodigious, being counted by the cartload, and the fish markets, even so far away as Carlisle, were absolutely gutted. Many loads of fish, indeed, were thrown on to the pastures as fertiliser. There is a legend, not without justice, that the skelly also occupies the waters of Red Tarn, highest of our mountain waters, and situate "under the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn." An old poacher, whose experience dated back to the days of the lath by which baits were floated over many a deep pool unreachable by ordinary casting, told me again and again of captures of "a gey nice fish" here, silvery of scales and of moderate weight. Eighty years ago Dr. Davy, in his classic "Angler in the Lake District," says that the char has been caught in Red Tarn, but there is no confirmation, and one would rather believe that the author had got hold of the local legend of a mystery fish and attributed it to the char, which, owing to the pollution from the lead mines, was becoming a rare fish in Ullswater (from which it has now entirely disappeared). The food of the gwyniad must be the soft-celled creatures of the dark depths, but the gastric processes are so rapid in their action that rarely can any trace of food be detected in the stomach. The gwyniad is, of course, found in Wales and again in Scotland, but nowhere else in Northern England than the two (or possibly three) waters named. It may have occurred a century ago in Windermere, but the record is not too dependable, and later captures are not known. Still less extensive is the haunt of the vendace, restricted to Derwentwater, near Keswick, only. This fish, too, is non-sporting, and, indeed, is only found dead or in a dying condition. Forty years ago the diminution in its occurrence was attributed to the great prevalence of pike, but one has yet to find a vendace harried and slain by these pests. The vendace is found in Lochmaben, about fifty miles away, in Dumfriesshire. No one has been able to observe the habits of the Lake Country fish, which is slightly different from the Scottish type. Habitat, spawning place,

favourite food are alike unknown. In the old time there flourished in Ullswater, Buttermere and other lakes a tribe of mighty fishes known as the grey trout. A cautious historian of a hundred and fifty years ago gave their size as fifteen to twenty pounds, but with subsequent writers these figures were easily quadrupled. There are records to prove that in autumn large fishes ran from Ullswater up into the Goldrill and Martindale becks, and that sportsmen from distant places used to come hither for the fish-spearing. One has heard old dalesfolk tell of stores of dried fish put away for the winter after a night or two of slaughter. To this day immense trout are occasionally taken in our lakes, but opinion is against naming them as a distinct variety of the common lake trout. They are fishes whose lines have verily fallen in ultra-pleasant places, whose jaws have curved inward with age and whose bulk is double or more the normal size. Such fish are rarely sporting, and the quality of their flesh is coarse and poor. In Wastwater our ancients discovered the botling; but this mysterious member of the salmon family is pretty obviously just a male fish which by accident or by sickness has become unsexed. Cases not dissimilar are on record from Welsh llynns, Scottish lochs and Irish loughs. But the fish of greatest mystery, yet the handsomest, commonest and widest distributed, is the char. It occurs in Windermere, Conistone, Wastwater, Ennerdale, Buttermere, Crummock and Haweswater, and in two high level meres, Goats Water and Seathwaite Tarn. Sir Daniel Fleming two hundred and fifty years ago pointed out that the Windermere char spawn in November in the river Brathay, and in February in the reed beds of the lake. He spoke of char and case as two separate fish, but to this day no one can certainly separate them. Living in the deeps, the char cannot easily be spied on; moreover, it is terribly fickle. This season the fish are taking at the south end of the lake, and few are being captured elsewhere. Other seasons we have seen all the captures in the northern two miles of water; and this quite out of relation to the presence of the schools of char. During July and August the char is a bottom feeder in Windermere; in April and again later in the season the fish may be discovered near the surface. The presence of the rudd and the roach in three small pools near the River Mint in Westmorland, and not in any of the great lakes, is another mystery. W. T. P.

## KENNEL NOTES.

### THE DARGLE AIREDALES.

THE frequency with which Airedale terriers are used by Continental military authorities, as well as by the police in this and other countries, indicates that they possess certain sterling qualities not so readily found in union in other breeds. High courage, a splendid nose, intelligence and teachability, endurance and a handy size are all in their favour. At the show of the Wiltshire police dogs at the end of July, the fact that these terriers outnumbered all the rest is significant, for the constables who own them must have subjected them to the test of experience. As practical men they have no use for the meretricious. Among other things needed, I take it, is the capacity to run behind a bicycle, and the vigilance to guard it during the absence of the owner. Now, however, a wider sphere of service seems to be open to them. When the roar of cannon and the rattle of rifles have passed away, on the stricken field men lie sorely wounded, many in places that escape the search of the stretcher-bearers, and months afterwards the discovery of human bones tells its own sad tale. When an army is accompanied by a corps of trained dogs, dogs that have been taught to quest, and quarter the ground, and to bark on the discovery of a body, the possibility of overlooking any wounded is appreciably diminished. At present the British Army is practically without the aid of these auxiliaries except for the presence of some bloodhounds taken out by Major Richardson; but should the authorities appeal for help, I am inclined to think that plenty of good sportsmen throughout the land would undertake the task of breaking dogs for the work. Airedales, sheepdogs, crossbreeds, retrievers and others suitable could be forthcoming in sufficient numbers, I fancy, at the shortest notice.

This week, in illustrating the Airedales owned by Mrs. Wallace Marrs at Horley, we are enabled to show the stamp that is so much favoured. It is true that these are show Airedales, the aristocrats of the breed, but from such spring hundreds that are not quite up to competition form as well as embryo champions, and the former may be had for little money; indeed, for patriotic objects I do not doubt that many would be freely offered. Pictures, of course, can say nothing about the sense of a dog, but those who have had experience of highly bred Airedales will assure you that better could not be had, and you can see what likely looking animals these are for any kind of work that may come

along—plenty of bone, depth of brisket, and muscular hind-quarters, fitting them for rigorous exercise, and heads and expressions that betoken wisdom. I doubt if a better selection of typical Airedales can be found in any other single kennel, and probably Mrs. Marrs would be the first to admit that this is largely attributable to the care bestowed in selecting the bitches, Champion Dargle Deputy and Champion Ffyr-Nant Beauty make a brace that it would be hard to beat, and Champion Kirk's Patricia completes a team that is a joy to look upon. Beauty and Patricia were the only two bitches to earn a handle to their name last year, but they will have to travel far before they equal the record of first prizes and challenge certificates set up by the more mature Dargle Deputy. Mr. F. M. Jowett, after judging her nearly two years ago, wrote: "She is a very beautiful bitch, of the correct type and right size, yet full of terrier character, with nothing coarse or houndy about her. She particularly excels in head, eye, and expression, with good bone and front, grand body, top and outline. When put down as she was to-day she is hard to beat in any company." Still more recently Mr. Holland Buckley declared Patricia to be one of the highest quality bitches ever produced.

Sires on the large side seem to be favoured, for the great Tintern Desire weighs about 62lb. and Dargle Declare 58lb., yet they have a style with their size that is very pleasing, and the stock they are producing is of the very best. Alternative blood is introduced through the medium of Dargle Duke Nobbler, by Champion Clonmel King Nobbler.

Although the Horley kennels are constructed on the latest principles, with an extensive exercising paddock attached, the brood bitches are placed among cottagers before whelping, and there also the puppies are walked, by this means the danger of distemper being minimised. No doubt it is the most satisfactory system if one can keep the homes under supervision, for an otherwise beautiful terrier may easily be ruined in legs and shoulders by being deprived of his liberty during the growing period. The shapely little ears that Mrs. Marrs succeeds in getting on her terriers are a vast improvement on the relics of a houndy ancestry that still appear far too often, and I note as another distinctive feature of the strain their lasting properties. The judge at the National Terrier Association Show of Scotland held at the end of July mentioned that Dargle Deputy retains her excellent head and other good points, and carries herself with





T. Fall.

OUT AT EXERCISE.

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as much fire and dash as she did when he saw her three years previously in Glasgow.

The story of the Airedale is fairly well known now, not much doubt existing that some sixty years ago the wire-haired black and tan terriers in several parts of Yorkshire were crossed with otter-hounds. Before long a race of big terriers, suitable for almost any kind of waterside work, except, of course, going to ground, had been established, and, the fame thereof spreading, a demand sprang up for them throughout the sport-loving North Country. At a local show near Shipley in 1876, the first class ever provided for them attracted an entry of close upon sixty. Seven years later the Birmingham executive gave them the name of Airedale or waterside terrier, and in another three years the Kennel Club had granted a separate classification for them. Thus their annals have been brief and uneventful, but one has to admit that the last half century was responsible for giving us a dog possessed of many attributes likely to endear him to mankind. Although he is too big for subterranean duties, he has a stout heart that fits him for any work coming within his physical compass, and a temperament that makes him suitable for the intimate companionship of mankind. He is just that convenient, medium size which appeals to so many, and for this reason he is always likely to remain a household favourite.



T. Fall.

CH. FFYR-NANT BEAUTY.

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#### WAR DOGS.

In my opening remarks I only spoke of the humanitarian aspect of the employment of dogs in war time, and this is a point upon which too much stress cannot well be laid. In the Franco-Prussian War more than one-tenth of the total casualties were recorded as "missing."

Only imagine what this means, and further picture to yourselves the reduction that could have been effected if cleverly trained animals had been used for searching the woods and rough country in which the wounded had concealed themselves. Reports of actual experiments carried out on the Continent leave no room for doubt as to the extreme value of our canine friends in this direction. But there are other ways also in which much can be done by them, such as apprising the sentries of the approach of an enemy during night hours, carrying messages from one part of the field to another, and so on. These duties, however, cannot well be mixed up with ambulance work, being of such an entirely different nature. Of actual fighting dogs it is out of place to speak here; for, lapse into barbarism though this terrible conflict may seem, gone is the day in which such auxiliaries could be tolerated. Time was when canine troops, fully accoutred in suitable armour, spread terror into the hearts of the enemy. Such a sight is never likely to recur. The influence of the war



Fall.

DARGLE DECLARE.

upon shows has, so far, been deleterious, a number of fixtures having been postponed or abandoned. At the moment the fate of the Kennel Club Show in December is in the lap of the gods. There is time enough to wait upon events. Meanwhile the annual show of the Fox Terrier Club, shortly due, has been put off until brighter days. Many men to whom I have spoken would like, as far as possible, to see matters pursuing their normal course, holding that the spirit of the nation will be all the better if men and women are not wholly obsessed by the course of events on the Continent. Routine work in the kennels naturally will go on as usual; but a number of doggy men, in response to the country's call, have taken up arms. It is surprising to think how many soldiers or



DARGLE DIGNITY.

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retired Army men are active exhibitors. A few are dispersing their dogs entirely for the time being, but when they are back again, as we all hope most fervently they may be, one is certain they will return with undiminished zeal. The spirit of camaraderie being so strong among the fraternity, doubtless plenty who stay at home will be found ready to keep an eye upon the studs of absentee friends. The example of a man in the pigeon world might well be followed. Having some empty lofts, he has offered to take charge of birds free of cost while their owners are abroad. If friends would offer accommodation to a few bitches, an officer might be enabled to keep his strain together, so as to pick up the threads on his return.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



T. Fall.

A PERFECT AIREDALE HEAD.

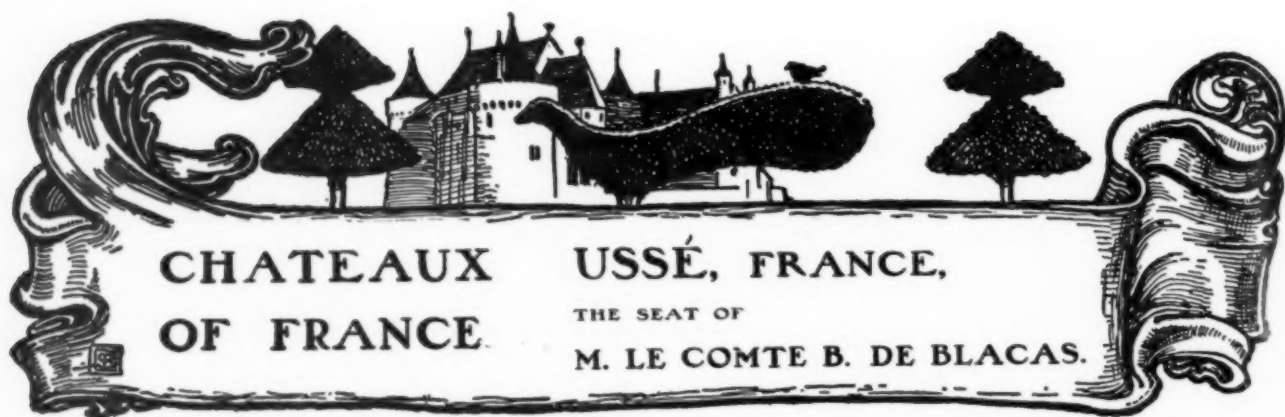
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CH. DARGLE DEPUTY.



CH. KIRK'S PATRICIA.

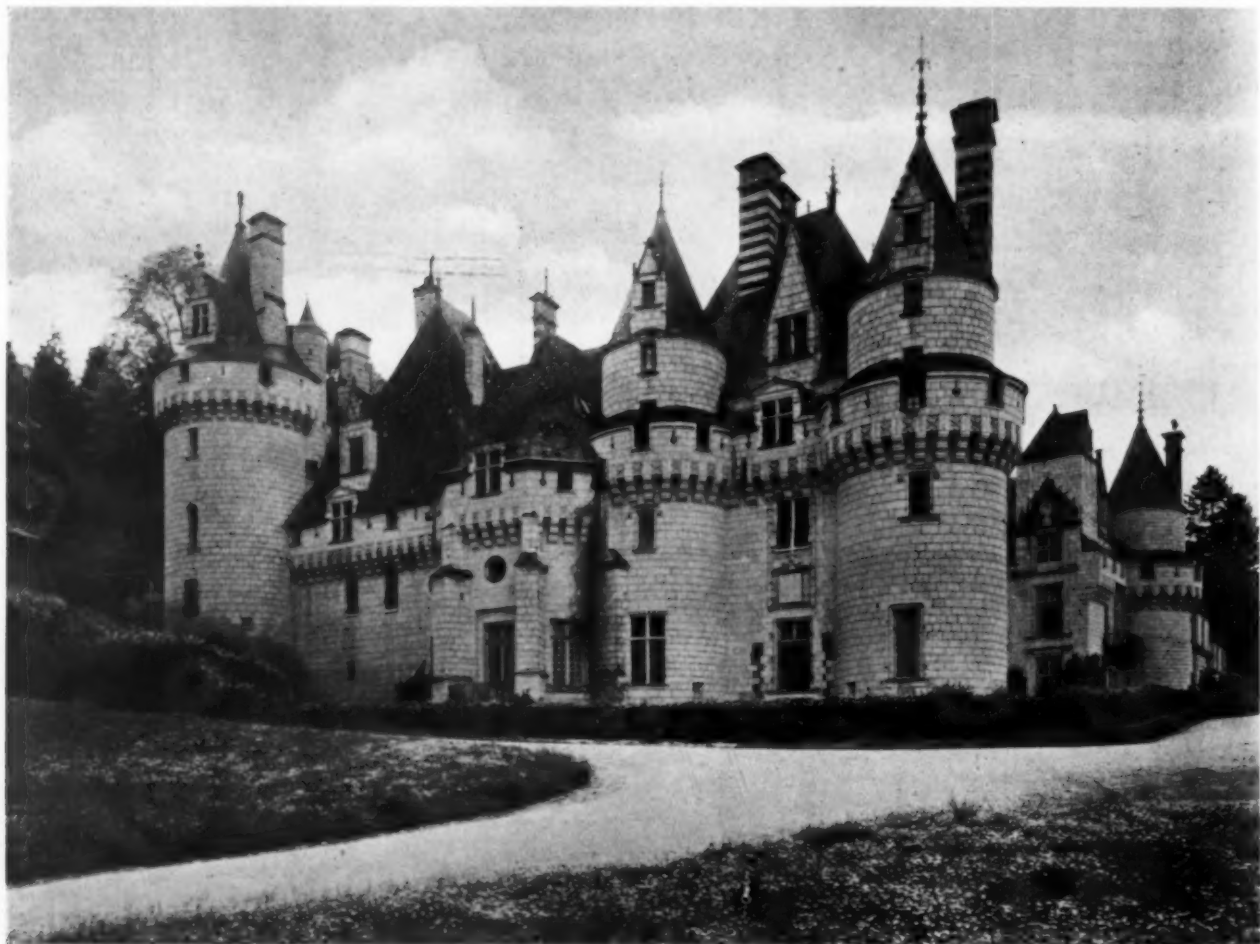


IN the heart of that pleasant country where the silver Loire and her tributary streams pick their way among sandy shallows and rich hemp fields, or slip lazily down now under sun-baked vineyards now in the shadow of deep woods, rise the clustered spires of Ussé. Amid a circle of near neighbours such as Chinon and Azay-le-Rideau, Villandry, Saumur and Montsoreau, themselves enringed by such company as Loches and Valençay, Chenonceaux and Amboise, Blois, Le Lude, Angers and Thouars, to say nothing of a score of names equally famous in history and in fiction and equally noteworthy for their architectural interest, it is difficult to attain the foremost rank. Therefore, in the pages of Joanne, Ussé is only accorded that of a *château de second ordre*, though in many less favoured situations it would be regarded as the richest jewel of a wide countryside. In any company, however, it may hold its own with as piquant a combination of features contributed by various periods, as picturesque a grouping and as long a roll of distinguished owners as any castle in France.

The first known holder of the fief of Ussé was one Geldwin, a Danish noble of herculean build and a mighty man of war, to whom, in 1004, Odo II., Count of Blois and Touraine, entrusted the keeping of the castle of Saumur against Fulk the Black, the dreaded Count of Anjou. Ussé was afterwards successively held by the houses of Alençon, Montejan and

Craon, till early in the fifteenth century it passed to Jean de Bueil, Count of Sancerre, whose father fell fighting at Agincourt and who himself won distinction in the English wars. His son Antoine sold it in 1483 to Jacques d'Espinay, whose wife was a Moncontour. The d'Espinays, a junior branch of the great Breton family of that name, were descended from Richard d'Espinay, and his wife, Beatrix de Montauban, the daughter of Bona, a Princess of the ducal house of Visconti, and it is in allusion to this descent that the wyvern of Milan appears on a wooden doorway in the interior of the castle, in conjunction with the arms of Montauban: argent, seven voided lozenges gules, a label of four points of the second, with a cord girdle and the pelican as emblems.

In 1557 Ussé was bought by Suzanne de Bourbon, wife of Claude des Rieux, who died thirteen years later. Her children sold it to Christophe Fournier, who in his turn sold it, in 1659, to Thomas Bernin de Valentinay. The latter's son, Louis, married Jeanne Françoise le Prestre, daughter of the great Vauban, and succeeded, in 1672, in getting the lordship of Ussé erected into a marquisate by Letters Patent, which, however, were revoked twenty years later and only renewed in 1701. The society which Mme. d'Ussé gathered round her was no ordinary one. She was frequently visited by her father, a man whose genius in the



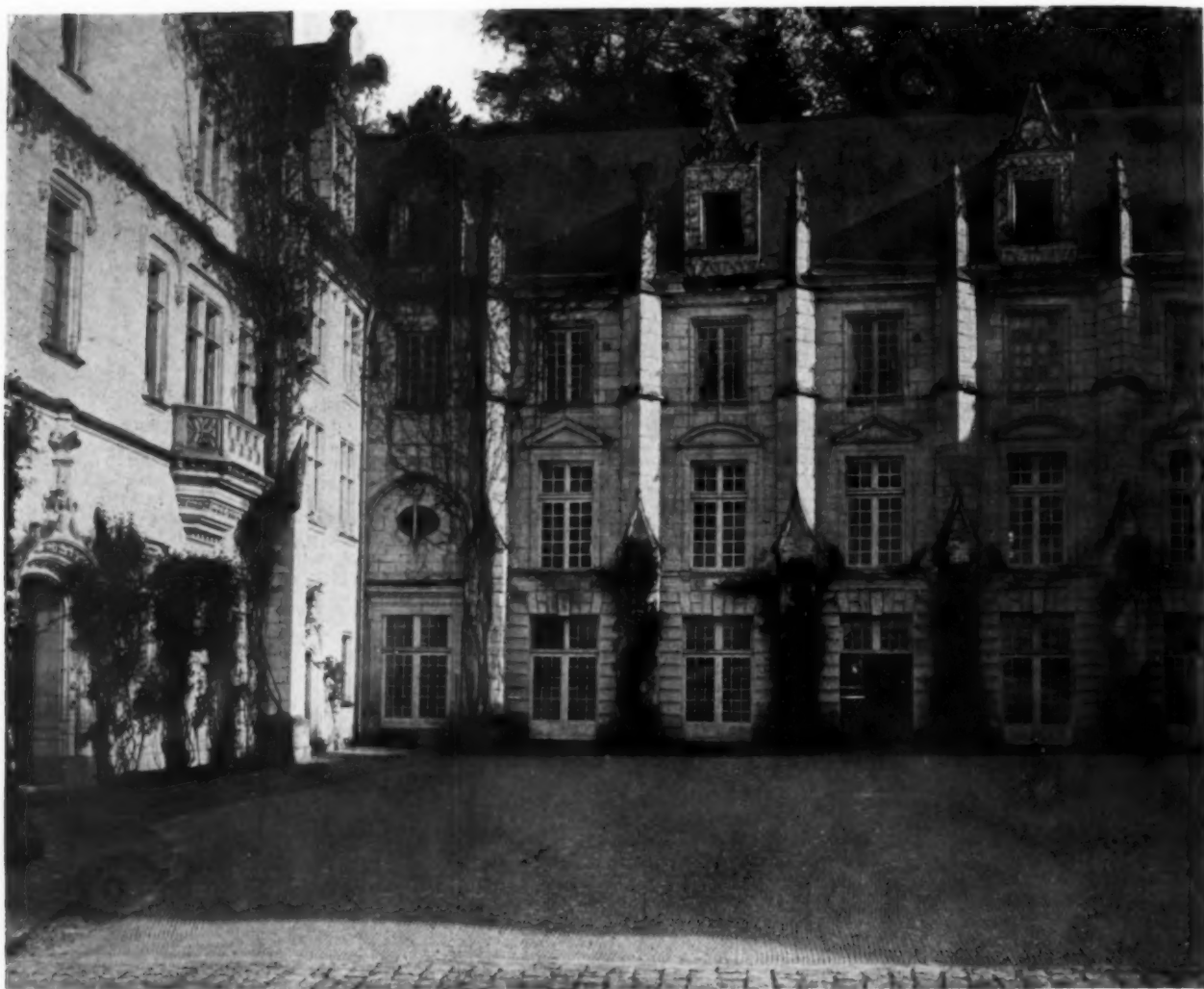




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THE CHAPEL DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

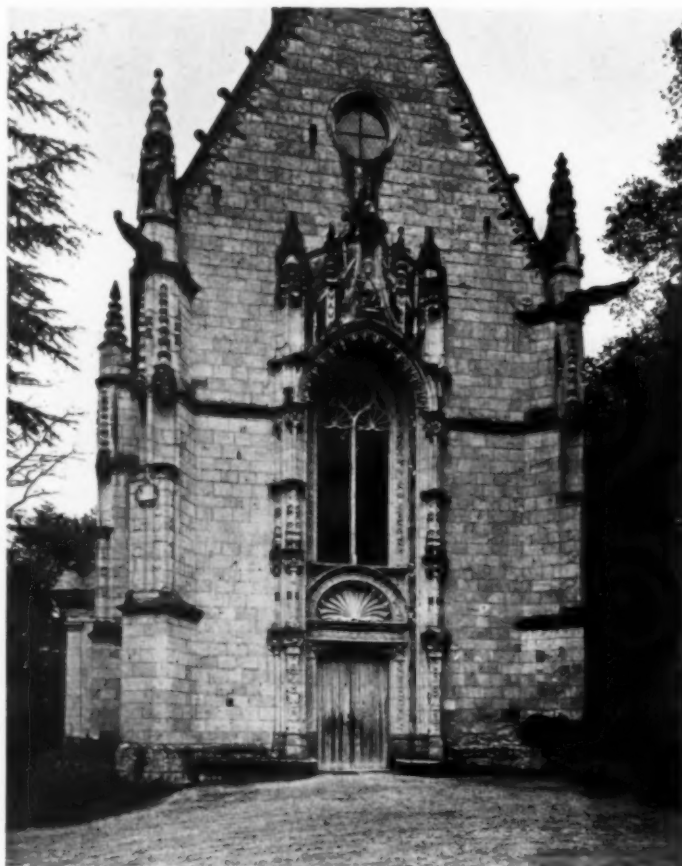


Copyright.

IN THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

domains of fortification and siegecraft was scarcely less remarkable than the acuteness with which he discerned the causes of political decay in his country or the disinterestedness with which he advocated remedies unpopular with the Court. Other visitors were the lyrical poets, Jean Baptiste Rousseau and Mme. des Houlières, both of whom celebrated the châtelaine in graceful verse. She was also in regular correspondence with Mesdames de Grignan et de Simiane, daughter and grand-daughter of Mme. de Sévigné. Her daughter-in-law, Anne Théodore de Carvoisin, second Marquise d'Ussé, followed in her steps, and had no less a personage than Voltaire for a correspondent. The literary traditions of the place were continued under the reign of the Durfort family by Claire de Hersaint, wife of Amédée de Durfort, Duke of Duras, the friend of Mme. de Stael and of Chateaubriand, who has immortalised her pure and touching figure.



Copyright.

THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

She lived at Ussé from 1807 to 1813, and here she wrote her once celebrated novels of "Ourika" and "Edouard," and when she died at Nice, in 1828, she was brought back to be buried in the chapel. Her husband, Hereditary First Gentleman of the Chamber, served at the Courts of Louis XVI., Louis XVIII. and Charles X. He was made "pair de France" in 1814 and died in 1838. He was succeeded at Ussé by his daughter, Mme. de la Rochejaquelin.

The castle of Ussé stands on the south bank of the Indre, where that river runs in several streams, not many hundred yards from the Loire and within a few miles of the spots where the latter is joined by the Cher, the Indre and the Vienne. Itself raised above the river, it is backed by higher ground still, which is covered by a splendid forest stretching to Chinon, and full of noble trees. Its rectangular court has buildings on three sides only, and on the north looks out



over parterres and terraces towards the river. It is flanked on either side by the two main buildings of the castle, comprising a multitude of towers of various shapes. With the western block is incorporated the lofty cylindrical donjon, the earliest portion of the castle, dating from the eleventh century, but remodelled at the end of the fifteenth century. The remainder of the two blocks and the gallery which links them together on the south are of the middle of the fifteenth century, but they were largely remodelled, particularly on their inner sides, by the d'Espinays between 1522 and 1538. The outer faces of the building retain much of their fortified character. The boldly projecting towers, whether circular or polygonal, and the intervening walls are alike crowned by machicolated and battlemented *chemins de ronde*, and the openings, though increased in number at various times, are relatively few and plain. Towards the court they are not only more numerous, but decorated with exuberant and playful fancy. The style is still mainly of the native Flamboyant Gothic. The mullioned windows have interpenetrating mouldings, and shelter under drip stones of curved outline carried on knots of carved foliage. The face of the sharply pointed stone dormers is covered with a network of cusped tracery and the buttresses end in crocketed pinnacles. But here and there a detail, a bit of carving, a pediment over a window, indicate the invasion of the new spirit which the Italian decorators—so frequent in France since the beginning of the Italian wars—had brought with them. The internal doorway of our illustrations is of this period. Both its general composition and the method of its decoration are wholly Italian in character; but the work was evidently executed by native hands, which had not yet acquired familiarity with the Italian manner or the delicacy of touch of the Italian carvers. The clumsiness of the human figures is specially noticeable.

Further changes were introduced by the seventeenth century. The connecting wing on the south side of the court was again rehandled. Its lower storey, originally an open covered way, doubtless with pointed arches, was formed into a closed gallery, and its rusticated walling and the pedimented wooden-sashed windows of the upper floor contrast oddly with the angular buttresses of the earlier day, with which they alternate. Vauban himself is credited not only with the bastioned terrace, once adorned with four captured English cannon, presented by Louis XIV., and the *parterre à la française*, but also with the western pavilion, an agreeably proportioned edifice with pilasters and a balustraded roof, in the manner of the younger Mansart. The general effect of

newness which the château presents is the result of a restoration carried out with no sparing hand at the command of Mme. de la Rochejaquelein.

The interior boasts a stately stone staircase adorned with a picture of St. John the Baptist, attributed to Michael



Copyright.

DETAIL OF CHAPEL WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Angelo, several large halls with wide chimney-pieces and carved timber ceilings, and one room known as the *chambre du roi* entirely hung with old silk hangings. Our photographer has devoted the greater number of his slides to the chapel, rightly feeling that it constitutes the fairest





Copyright

USSE: THE CHAPEL STALLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gem in the whole group. A collegiate foundation, dedicated in 1538, it stands a little apart from the castle—a not unusual arrangement, paralleled at Anet and

shell. The interior contains a set of oak stalls, which are among the most charming examples of François I.'s woodwork in existence.

W. H. WARD.

## TWO WELSH GATESMITHS.—I.

THE study of wrought-ironwork is frequently made the more enjoyable by the fact that the field open to the smith of the early eighteenth century was usually confined within the radius of a few miles of his forge. In several instances it is possible

to see practically all the best work of one man in a long day, and so to obtain an insight into his likes, dislikes, merits and failures which might otherwise remain unrecognised. One of the most interesting examples of these clustered groups is to be found in North Wales, in a series of screens and gates in and around the neighbourhood of Wrexham. Hitherto this work has been ascribed by tradition to the Roberts Brothers of Chirk, whose name must now give way to that of the Brothers Davies, of Cross Voyle, Bersham, North Wales, who flourished between 1702 and 1755.

In 1896, when measuring the gates at Chirk Castle, I recollect being told by the landlord of the inn hard by (to which I had retired for renewed strength, the task being no light one) that the gates were the work of a local smith named Roberts and his daughter! This tradition of a female element in their production I have heard repeated since then—sometimes it is a

sister—but more generally it is held that the gates were by two brothers Roberts, and it is, I believe, so stated in the local guide to the Castle. Had any doubt existed on the point, it must have been set at rest by the following statement in Mr. Starkie Gardner's book,



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RUTHIN CHURCH GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Ironwork of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries":

For the name of these smiths we are indebted to Mr. Myddleton, the owner of the ancient castle of Chirk, near Llangollen, who has ascertained from his family accounts that his gates were made for Sir Robert Myddleton, by two brothers, local smiths named Roberts, for the price of £190 1s. 6d.

In view of the evidence we now possess, it is difficult to see how such a mistake can have been made by Mr. Myddleton. There is little doubt, however, that in making the statement he relied upon his memory, and in so doing gave his information unconsciously in such a form as to make it appear irrefutable. It is curious to see how far-reaching may be the effect of such an error. Mr. Gardner, accepting the information, based upon it his history of the group of ironwork in the locality, and ascribed it all to the same smiths.

It must be added that where evidence has been forthcoming, he was right in doing so. A search for the actual date and cost of the beautiful screen in the churchyard of Wrexham Parish Church led to the discovery (through the kindness of Mr. Neobard Palmer of Wrexham) of the following entry in the churchwardens' register for 1719-23:

2 June 1720. P<sup>d</sup> William Rogers for taking down the old gate  
Robert Davies Smith paid .. .. . £24

This was quickly followed by the receipt of invaluable extracts from the few remaining pages of the original disbursement books of Robert Myddleton, Esq., of Chirk Castle, 1718-33. For these I owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. W. M.



Copyright.

CHANCEL GATES, WREXHAM CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Myddleton of Lincoln, who has been untiring in placing information at my disposal. The entries run as follows:

1719 July 28. P<sup>d</sup> Robert Davies, Smith in full of what he  
SMITHS IRON and his Broth<sup>r</sup> did at y<sup>e</sup> Iron Gates from y<sup>e</sup>  
GATES. 14 Octob 1717 to y<sup>e</sup> 21 December following .. 10 . 16 . 9  
1721 Aug 15. P<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Robert Davies, Smith y<sup>e</sup> remaind<sup>r</sup> of  
all due to him and his Brother John for  
working y<sup>e</sup> Iron Gates before y<sup>e</sup> ffront of y<sup>e</sup>  
Castle .. .. . 12 . 13 . 06

And, again, on September 15th of the same year is a quaintly worded entry,

being a mistake in y<sup>e</sup> last payment made y<sup>e</sup>  
15 Aug and he under p<sup>d</sup> by .. .. . 1 . 13 . 6



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THE SCREEN, WREXHAM CHURCHYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PARISH CHURCH GATES, OSWESTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

So much for the makers of the great gates at Chirk Castle. But these entries by no means complete the chain of evidence afforded by these loose sheets, which seem almost as though they were straining to correct the errors made in their name, for I shall presently refer to entries of payments made to Robert Davies for the Wrexham churchyard gates already mentioned, and for the gates at Ruthin Church. But for the moment the Chirk gates may be examined briefly, as they are notable in several respects. Pre-eminently the work of an uneducated mind, they show an entire lack of constructive design and of a sense of proportion—the whole scheme is incongruous to a degree, but in spite of this there is a certain barbaric splendour about it.

Their chief interest lies in the great gate piers with their unusually massive cast-iron caps and bases. The circular moulded balusters, too, are rare at this period in England, but are a characteristic feature of the Davies' work. Not less unusual are the crudely naturalistic vines they enclose, growing spirally from ornamental pots which stand on the bases of the piers. The gates themselves are so violently out of scale with the sprawling overthrows and side panels, as to make them appear more fussy than they really are. The fixed side

wings (pardonably mistaken by Mr. Gardner for wickets) form by far the most commendable portion of the work, and with the exception of the branching sprigs of bay leaves to the crestings, they are daintily designed and may be taken as good examples of the work of the Davies. The brothers were invariably happier in their results when they avoided grandiose schemes that led them into regions of design beyond their powers. The lead wolves surmounting the gate piers represent the cognizance of the Myddelton family, who claim their descent from Ririd Flaidd (Young Wolf) in the paternal line, and in the maternal line, Blaidd Rhudd (Red Wolf), the coat of arms being "three wolves' heads erased."

Returning to the Wrexham gates, in the same accounts of Robert Myddelton occurs the following entry:

1720 Oct 7. Pd Robert Davies,  
Smith to li w<sup>th</sup> my  
master subscrib'd  
towards y<sup>e</sup> Iron  
Gates at Wrexham  
Church yard 10.0.0

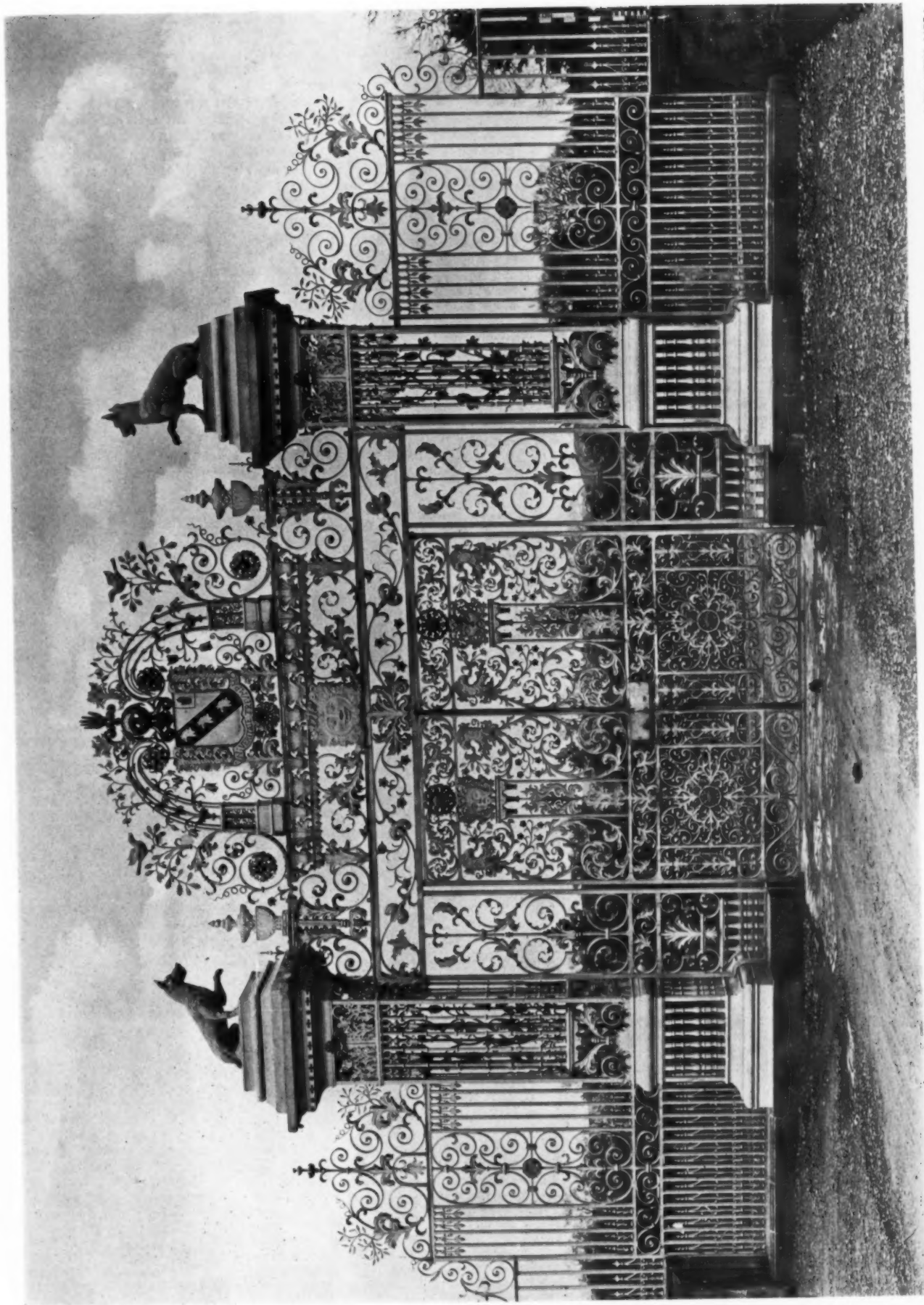
The churchwardens' registers for 1719-23 were lost for some years, recovered and lost again! Happily they have once again been returned through the efforts of Mr. George Frater of Wrexham, but I have not yet had the opportunity of examining them. I believe, however, they contain no



DETAIL OF GATE PIER, CHIRK CASTLE.

Showing enclosed vine.





THE ENTRANCE GATES, CHIRK CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.

further reference to the gates than that already given. The chancel gates are possibly by Robert Davies, but the square twisted balusters and the very free treatment of the scrollwork and foliage suggest an earlier date. Possibly they are the work of his father, Hugh Davies, whose burial is recorded in the Wrexham parish register, September 2nd, 1702.

This Hugh Davies of Groes Foel, Bersham, near Wrexham, by his will dated June 13th, 1702, left his messuage in Bersham with appurtenances to his wife Eleanor and then to his son Robert, and also a sum of £7 10s. "for which he is to instruct my son Thomas in the trade and science of a smith." His sons Hugh and John, as well as six daughters, are also mentioned.

We will now leave Wrexham for the gates of St. Peter's Church, Ruthin, some few miles distant. The following entries appear in the accounts of Robert Myddelton:

1727 Jan 22. P<sup>d</sup> Robert Davies of Croes Voel, Smith which my master was pleased to give towards erecting Iron Gates upon Ruthin Church yard, Mr. Watt Williams and other Subscribers' money was p<sup>d</sup> y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> smith 20 li in pte for the said Gates y<sup>e</sup> same day .. .. . 3 . 5 . 0

There are also several entries concerning the gates in the churchwarden's accounts on various dates during the years 1728-31. For these I am indebted to the Rev. Lewis Pryce, the Warden of Ruthin. The wording of the first (April 10th, 1728) is of interest. It records that Edward Price of Llanbedr "contributes 10s 6d towards making y<sup>e</sup> new gate," and so confirms the date of their manufacture. This might otherwise be left open to doubt by an earlier entry in the Myddelton accounts dated November 2nd, 1720, which runs:

p<sup>d</sup> by Mr Roberts to Robert Davies, Smith for y<sup>e</sup> Iron work done at Ruthin Church .. 23 . 18 . 1

I have been unable as yet to discover to what ironwork this refers. It is unlikely that the gates were made

eight years before they were erected, nor would Mr. Myddelton have subscribed so odd a sum in part payment of them.

The gates are very characteristic of the Davies' work, light in construction, with a clever handling of open scrollwork, disfigured by the presence of one or two ill considered details which might with a little thought have been corrected. In the wicket gates, for instance, what could be more unpleasant than the breaking of the back of the scrolls to follow the line of the hanging bar at the top hinge? The caps to the piers are delightful; the use of the little circular moulded pillars and cut pelmet above the abacus is a happy and original treatment. The husk festoons falling on either side of the cherubim in the overthrow are direct copies on a small scale of Tijou's festoons in the Fountain Garden screen at Hampton Court.

At Oswestry we are once more lucky in finding actual accounts, though the gates themselves are not of the same quality as those already mentioned, the centre panels of the double gates and the general lines of the overthrow being poor. The Churchwardens' book for the Lower Division of the parish contains the following:

The Disbursements of John Kynaston one of the Churchwardens of the Parish of Oswestry in the year 1738 Lower Division—

For Mr Davies my part for the Iron Gates .. 11 . 10 . 4

The Parish Registers also show that the total cost of the gates was £31 11s., which was to be met in equal third shares by the town and the upper and lower divisions of the parish; and record the payment of this sum to "Mr. Davies of Cross Voyle." From this it would appear that the Lower Division paid £1 more than their fair share!

In a further article I hope to deal with some more examples of ironwork which may reasonably be attributed to the brothers Davies. MAXWELL AYRTON.

## A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

[In a private letter Mr. Dodington describes this as "a sketch of what is at the moment going on in my native Highlands."—ED.]

### THE DEATHLESS ARMY.

By J. M. DODINGTON.

"O CH, yess, sirr, there will be a plenty off stags upon the hill—ay, intee, a crrreat plenty whateffer. But who will there pe to shoot them except yersel', sirr?" And Duncan Mackenzie, head-keeper on Dalurquhart deer forest, sighed heavily.

His sigh was echoed by his English employer. "By Gad, yes! It's only a useless hulk like myself that's left rotting in port," the old Admiral muttered bitterly, and a flame lit up his sunken eyes as he gazed along the silvery links of the Caledonian Canal towards the Inverness hills, beyond whose heather-clad flanks stretched the tossing waters of the grey North Sea.

Oh, to have the weight of twoscore of years lifted off his back! Oh, to feel once more the heave of the waves beneath his feet, to see the decks cleared for action!

"Ah'm thinkin', sirr, it will pe ass well to pe mekkin' for home now, for it's a coot long way we will pe from the lodge, whateffer." Having performed the obsequies of the dead stag, Duncan rose from his knees and wiped his knife upon his rough homespun breeches. "But firrst I will chust pe marrkin' the place for the gillies to-morra mornin'." Taking his red bandana handkerchief from his pocket, he tied it to a twig of the stunted juniper beside the big grey boulder. "There, they will see thatt fine," he said. "And now we will chust pe tekkin' the road canny-like. Down py Glenhullary will pe the easiest way, whateffer."

"All right, Mackenzie, very considerate of you to think of my threescore years and ten."

"Cott, sirr, it's no that mich less I will pe mysel'! Sixty years old I will pe, sirr. If it were not for thatt—!" The keeper broke off short and tramped along for some minutes in silence. Then: "I will not haff peen a soldier, mysel', sirr, but it iss my father that will pe fechtin' in the Crimea on the ferry day that I was born. And my brother, Dougal, who wass a goot menny years younger ass me, whateffer, will pe killed in Sooth Africa. It wass in the Black Watch that he will pe."

"You don't say so? And have you any sons in the army?"

The keeper shook his grizzled head. "It iss but wan son I will haff—my son Donald—and he will pe the under-keeper at Tullich, up the glen yonder."

"Ah, well, I'm a childless man myself. Old bachelor. Maybe I ought to have married—" And as the Admiral tramped silently forward, his mind busied itself with the thought of the hostages he might, under other circumstances, have given to fortune.

Mackenzie's musings, meanwhile, were warlike. "It's menny's the fechtin' man that will haff merrched doon this glen, sirr. Ay, ay, it's this rodd that the Glen Urquhart men, and the Glen Affric men, and the Glenmoriston men, and the men off Glengarry will pe tekkin' when they will pe gatherin' round Prince Chairlie's standard at Glenfinnan. Ay, ay, chust that. Yess, and my mother will pe tellin' me when I wass but a bairn how her father will pe tellin' her about the la-ads that went merrchin' doon the glen wi' the ribbon in their bonnets, away to fecht auld Boney. Her father had a brother that will pe losin' his right leg and his left airm in the breaches off Badajos. 'But Cott pe thankit,' he would aye be sayin' when he wass tellin' the story, 'that it wass my left airm, for I cott in wan more shot at them pefore I lost my senses. Ay, and I killed my man with it, too,' he will pe sayin'."

As the keeper was speaking, the old Admiral turned his face towards him with a flush on his cheek and a spark in his eye. "My father's ship fought at Trafalgar," he said, "and when I was a youngster I saw some service myself in the China Seas. But now"—the light died from his face—"a useless old man, a cumberer of the ground—!"

Suddenly Mackenzie stopped dead, laid his hand upon the old man's arm, and bent forward his head in a listening attitude. "Whatt wass yon, sirr? Will ye pe hearin' something comir' doon the glen?"

The Admiral listened intently. "No, nothing—Yes I do! What is it?"

"The pipes!" cried Mackenzie. "Will ye not pe hearin' them, sirr? It's the 'Cock o' the North' they will pe playin'!"

"Gad, you're right, Duncan. What can be happening here?" The old man looked across the wide moorland over whose desolate expanse was no sign of life save the curlews circling overhead and the stone-chats flitting from boulder to boulder. But, faint and far away at first, getting ever shriller, clearer, as it wound downward round the shoulders of the hills, came the unmistakable skirl of bagpipes. And mingled with it there now came a sound of faint, hollow drumming. Louder, firmer it grew—it was the tramp, tramp of marching feet. Tense, motionless, side by side in breathless expectation stood master and man. Round the sharp angle of the brae came a company of young men in homespun, a piper marching proudly at their head.

"Cott pe with us ahl!" cried Mackenzie, "it's the under-keeper and the gillies from Chullary and Tullich and Aldchappie! There's Sandy MacIntosh, and Duncan MacPhee, and Angus Macdonald, and Hughie MacMillan and—Cott! if it's nott my ain son, Donald—Donald! Donald!" He ran up to the side of the young man with the sea-grey eyes and the square-set



chin so like his own. "Whatt will pe the meanin' off this? Where will ye pe away to? Where will ye ahl pe goin'?"

"Away to tek the King's shillin', father. Away to the war like them that wass before us!"

A bitter look was in the old Admiral's eyes as he watched the little company wind down the lonely moorland track, Mackenzie marching by his son's side, the shrill strains of "The Cock o' the North" beating insistently through the heather-scented air.

"Neither chick nor child, neither chick nor child!" he muttered, as slowly and heavily he followed them down the hill.

Half a mile from his own gate his servant met him with a telegram. The Admiral tore it open. It was from the widow of his younger—and only—brother, and it said: "My boys are all gone. Roger and Tom and Jim have gone out with their regiments. Alec has joined his ship and sails to-morrow."

The Admiral slowly refolded the flimsy scrap of paper. "Little Alec, too!" he said, and a quiver passed over his wrinkled old face. For his favourite nephew, Alec, was aged but fifteen. Then a bright spot mounted again to his cheek-bones, and a fresh fire leapt into his eyes. "The old ones' days are over, but the young generation goes forth—it is a Deathless Army!"

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**N**O subject can possibly be more interesting at the present moment than an enquiry into the frame of mind that induced Germany to plan the present war and make the formidable preparations of which dreadful evidence has been forthcoming on the field of battle. To assist us there has just been published a second edition of a remarkable book issued a year ago. Its title is *Germany and England* (John Murray), and its author was the late Professor Cramb. He was no doubt a learned and amiable man, but we are astonished that the chapters of this work should originally have been given as lectures at Queen's College. They are not the sort of teaching which will make young people into patriotic citizens. The author had lived long in Germany, was widely read in the literature of that country, but apparently lacked the masculinity of understanding that might have prevented him from swallowing the sophistry with which the Germans have bolstered their cause. He accepted the vainglorious estimate of German strength which is held by the Chauvinist group and the pessimistic view of British decay current among revilers and detractors of the State. For example, Britain

seems to have become almost weary of the glory of empire, expressing frequently the desire for arbitration, for the limitation of armaments, a "naval holiday," peace at any price; when its war-spirit, its energy, its sense of heroism are apparently diminishing, and the mere craving for life and its comforts seems to be conquering every other passion.

This is contrasted with Germany,

a nation high in its courage, lofty in its ambitions, containing within itself apparently inexhaustible forces, moving on its own path, which in the future may lead it to destinies to which even the imagination of a Treitschke can hardly assign a limit.

A scarcely concealed assumption is that Britain in the struggle will share the fate of Carthage and the great empires of the past. But leaving for a moment these "literary and academic views," let us test the Professor on points to which a definite answer can be given. Echoing Berlin opinion, he speculates that other things may happen before the war with England. France might be tackled first, and as Bernhardt mapped out events, Germany would be left "front to front with England." Then Holland would be incorporated, and Belgium "would follow of itself." In the enmity between Russia and Germany there is "nothing fateful, nothing organic." Thus the Professor countersigns the German doctrine of brute force. He acquiesces in their creed that necessity has no law, that little countries have no right to exist, that a solemnly drawn treaty is only a scrap of paper, and that Germany is justified in bathing half a dozen armies in blood in order "to work out her own Destiny."

But the truth is that the magniloquent phrase covers only a very sordid fact. Germany since 1870 has day by day and year by year been fighting England in the world of commerce. There is and can be no race hatred between two branches of the Saxon race. Material gain is the true description of the German ideal. Her lack of real greatness has been made evident in her treatment of Belgium, with whom her only quarrel was that she stood in the way. She has conducted war with the mediæval savagery so poignantly described in "Simplicissimus." In the cry raised against Britain that we are on the side of ignorance against culture, she has revealed an understanding that the race hatred of this war is that between the Slav and the German races. Against France she has the knowledge that her needless severity in 1870 left behind it a rankling sore; against us is envy of our world-wide power; but in the case of Russia, race is tearing at race.

It might have been thought that a Professor of Modern History in a London College would have seen through the attempts to belittle England, which they call the robber State. What Treitschke instilled into the minds of his

contemporaries was that Britain owned one-fifth of the globe, and that Germany had the imperial instinct stronger than this country. Surely her history fails to show it. The Professor made a great deal out of the German woman's capacity for motherhood, contrasting her who boasted of having given so many sons to the Empire with those who preach the new Feminism; but the extraordinarily large infantile death rate in Germany is a heavy contradiction of his view. When Germany has attempted colonisation she has achieved no success, and if the King's Dominions beyond the sea were transferred to her to-morrow, there is nothing to show that she could govern them except by imposing on each her own cast-iron system and methods. That the malignant criticism of our rule in India should be copied without protest is extraordinary. The two ruthless foes against which we have fought in India were Plague and Famine, whose dreadful visitation was accepted with Oriental fatalism till Western ideas of sanitation were drilled into the native mind and agriculture was made scientific.

What we gather from this book is that since 1870 Germany has been a country swollen with pride, one prone to magnify all that is hers and vilify everything else. Her arrogant belief is that it is open for her to break treaties, to carry havoc into a peaceful, unoffending country, simply because this is sanctioned by her own selfish interests. And she acted as though the other nations were equally swayed by sordid material motives. She could not conceive that a small nation would in this twentieth century risk war against a giant foe for the glorious ideal of independence and liberty. She thought that England was too indolent and decayed to draw the sword against tyranny, and her miscalculation of Russia's strength was ludicrous. With the largest army of spies and Secret Service traitors the world has ever seen, she still has been grossly misinformed about her neighbours. Professing culture, she has used her Zeppelins to drop bombs in the neighbourhood of women, children and invalids. She has sown the open sea with mines, and, in the bandit's way, made the open, peaceful towns her armies passed through pay ransom. But who could believe her guilty of these infamies who has learned of her only from Professor Cramb's book? And what effect were lectures such as these calculated to produce on young English students?

### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

*Justice of the Peace*, by Frederick Niven. (Eveligh Nash.)

*Reality*, by Olive Wadsley. (Cassell.)

THE owner of the artistic temperament in the first of these novels is a Glaswegian, who, though coming from a bourgeois house, develops a taste for drawing and eventually becomes a famous artist. Mr. Frederick Niven has made a book for which there would have been little except praise had he not produced an impossible mother for his hero. He had evidently made up his mind from the beginning that she was to be hard, jealous and unsympathetic, and he works out these qualities in a manner that is not life-like or convincing. The reader can never believe in her. It is different with the father, who is an excellent type of the couthie Scottish merchant whose soundness of heart helps him along lines where he could be scarcely expected to travel. Although he begins by being very ignorant of art, no one could possibly call him a Philistine. The love interest, too, is brought on at a very late stage of the story, as if it were an afterthought of the writer, and the ending is a tragedy for which the novel is not a right preparation. In spite of these defects the book is very well written and interesting, and can be read with pleasure.

In the second novel the artistic temperament assumes the form of musical genius. The owner is by no means a hero, but an extremely well-drawn type of the sort of genius who is generally to be seen with long hair and a cultivated eccentricity of dress. As far as moral strength goes he counts for nothing, and still he wakens in women an unlimited admiration. The course of the story runs so as to show that the unreal passion that seemed to consume him for Irène von Cleve is forced to give place to the real love for a famous danseuse. The story has a setting in Austria and Germany, and the characters range from a saintly and beautifully drawn cardinal to dancers and stage artists. It is a clever, well-written novel, one of the sort that the reader finds it difficult to put down after once he has started, and he starts, be it noted, on the first line of the first page.



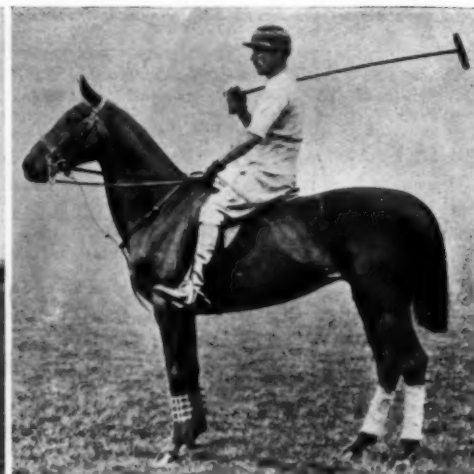
## SOLDIER SPORTSMEN.



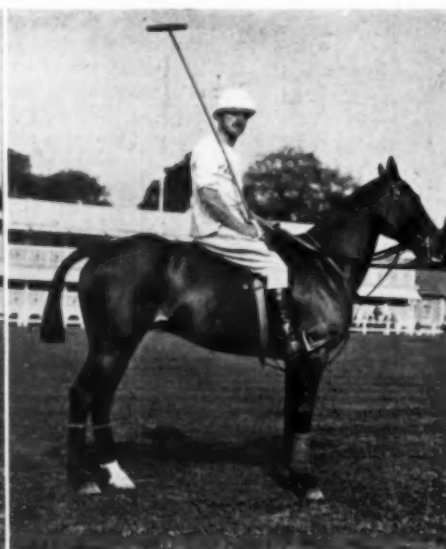
LIEUT.-COL. G. K. ANSELL.



CAPTAIN H. G. RAILSTON.



LIEUTENANT R. G. RITSON.

MAJOR E. H. BRASSEY, M.V.O.  
CAPT. G. E. MILLER-MUNDY.

CAPTAIN F. W. BARRETT.

CAPTAIN T. R. BADGER (left).  
LIEUTENANT E. H. LEATHAM.W. A. Rouch.  
CAPTAIN F. H. SUTTON.

MAJOR P. D. FITZGERALD, D.S.O.

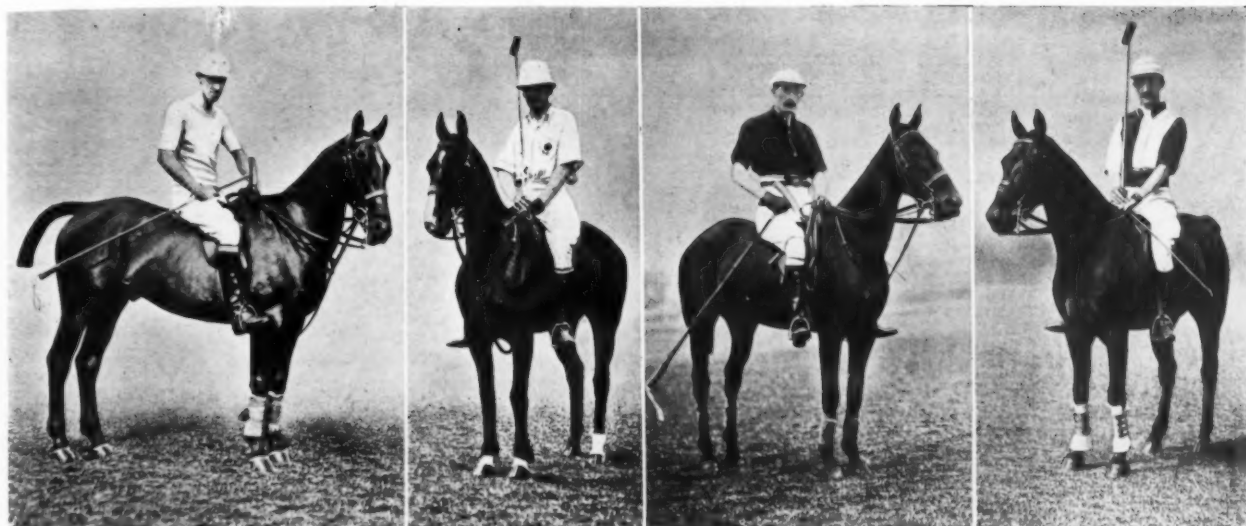


LIEUT. H. M. SOAMES.



CAPTAIN T. P. MELVILL.

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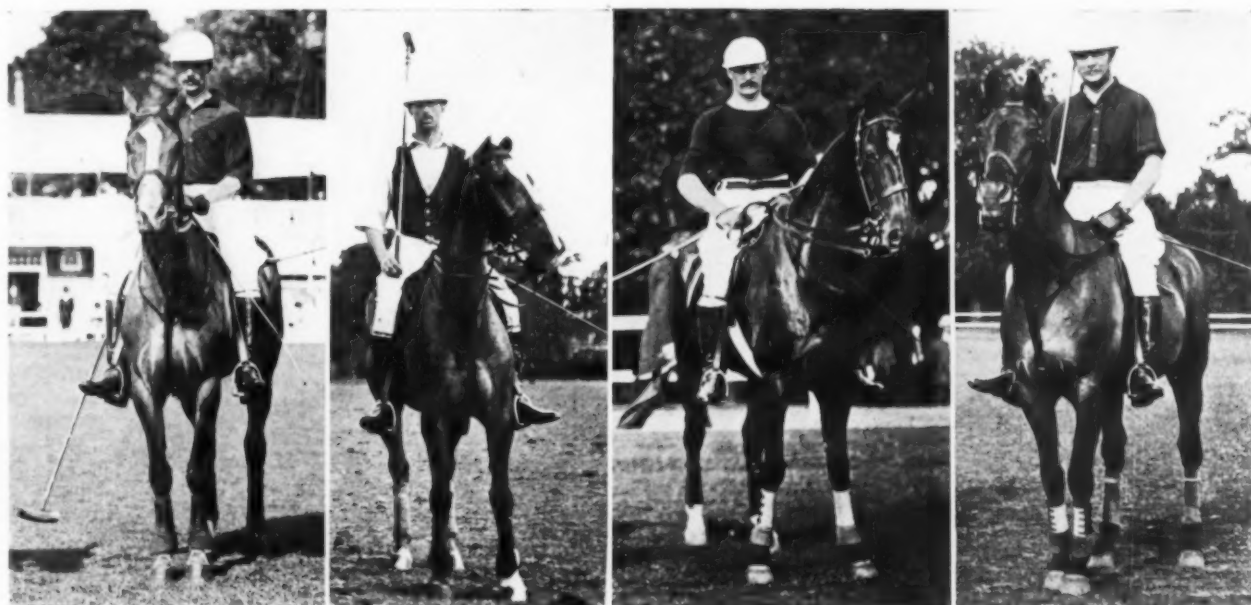


MAJOR C. F. HUNTER.

CAPT. NOEL EDWARDS.

MAJOR B. H. L. MATHEW-  
LANNOWE.

CAPT. FRANCIS GRENFELL.

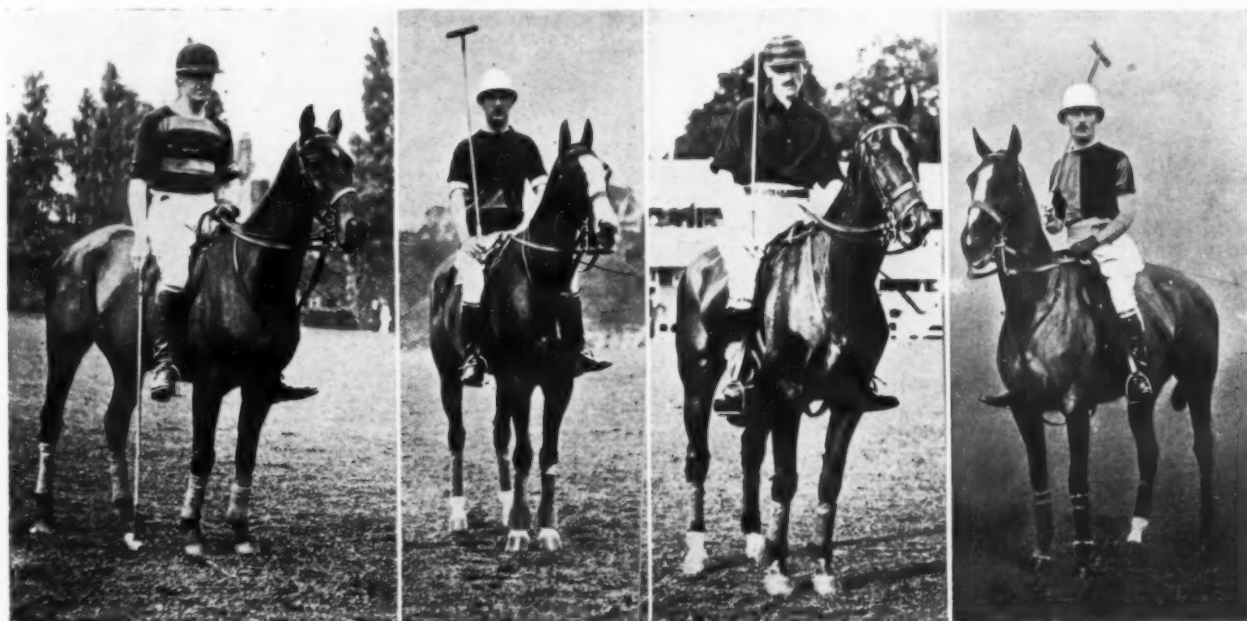


LT.-COL. T. T. PITMAN.

CAPT. L. H. HARDY.

MAJOR J. J. RICHARDSON.

MAJOR C. L. K. CAMPBELL.



W. A. Rouch.

MAJOR J. S. CAWLEY.

CAPTAIN THE HON.  
DENNIS BINGHAM.

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## THE SACK OF LOUVAIN.

**N**O war of the darkest ages produced more horrors than this between Germany and the Allies, and of the dark spots it has made in history the blackest is the sack of Louvain. It will force the civilised world to draw a contrast between the proud claims of Germany and her conduct in war. As a nation she specially represents humanity and culture. Her museums, universities, libraries are among the finest of the world. Yet her name must now for ever be associated with one of the darkest deeds in history. What Oxford is to England, Louvain was to Belgium. Its features are so well summed up in a letter by Sir Arthur Evans to the *Times* that we venture to quote his description of the impression the town produced on his mind: "To those, indeed, who, like myself, have a personal recollection of her monuments—to whose mind the spires and pinnacles of the most beautiful of all town halls of Gothic fabric are still and ever will be a living image, who have seen the whole history of Flanders artistic, unfold itself in the ambulatories of the noble church of St. Pierre, who have even an outside knowledge of her ancient university, with colleges like our own, and of its library, rich in manuscripts and in dignity at least comparable to the Bodleian—to those, I say, the feelings that such a hideous destruction have called forth are far too deep for words." This is what Louvain means to an Oxford Professor of Archaeology, a man of the highest learning and cultivation. He brushes aside the excuses put forward by the Germans with the disdain they deserve. "Even were we to admit, in the teeth of evidence and



"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL TOWN HALLS OF GOTHIC FABRIC."

and Brabant, political as well as in the ambulatories of the noble church

what do we find at Louvain? Imagination shudders to reconstruct the picture even as it has been described by

probabilities, the whole German plea of provocation, even if we allow the full right claimed to inflict exemplary punishment on civilian aggressors, this sin against history and against posterity can never, indeed, be condoned."

Germany can in no way be absolved. If she endeavours to cast blame on the men or officers, we must ask what orders they disobeyed. The only one that is on record is the order that, in case of civilian hostility, examples were to be made whose "frightfulness" would deter others. We do not know of any modern commander who would have been responsible for that phrase. In civilised communities it is recognised that the duty of a leader is to restrain and mitigate the fury of soldiers when it is directed against a civil population, never to inflame or encourage it. A hundred years ago, when the duty to be humane was far less recognised than it is to-day, the Iron Duke set his face sternly against pillage and rapine, hanging without mercy those of his soldiers who stole from or ill-treated the inhabitants. Yet

war correspondents friendly to the German nation. There is the town at night with every window lit up, for the Commanding Officer dreaded or pretended to dread shots fired in the dark; there are the hostages fettered and kept in groups of ten, to be shot ruthlessly when disturbance began. Its origin appears to have been that the German soldiers at Louvain fired at a body of their own friends retreating to the city and then blamed the townsmen to get rid of their own responsibility. Naturally the truth of this version is questioned at Berlin, and it



Photocrom Co. STALLS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. GERTRUDE.

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IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, LOUVAIN: THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. ERASMUS, BY DIERICK BOUTS.

would be idle to enter into any argument about it. Sir Arthur Evans is right in thinking that the iniquity of the act remains the same even if the German explanations are accepted as valid. The man primarily responsible for the unbridled savagery conspicuous at Louvain, but absent from no field of battle fought during the campaign, is the Kaiser Wilhelm. It is he that has drenched Belgium and the French frontier in blood. For no other aim than to further the selfish and aggressive interests of Germany and minister to his own importance, he has loosed the Furies and bid them carry fire and sword not only to the armies of many nations, but into the most innocent and peaceful homes. Whatever the issue of the war may be, it will be recorded in history that he spared neither woman nor child, neither art treasures nor historical buildings, in the endeavour to realise an ambition that was scorned by none more than his father, Frederick II. Even Bismarck, the Man of Blood and Iron, would have avoided crimes that excite the horror and indignation of humanity, but the Kaiser began his career by dropping the one strong man in Germany and surrounding himself by

creatures whose only merit is that they do his will. Not one had courage enough to insist that warfare should be



ST. PIERRE, LOUVAIN: THE LAST SUPPER, BY DIERICK BOUTS.

*The artist's masterpiece, painted in 1467.*

carried on as by a highly civilised nation in the twentieth century, and not according to the standards of the rude German tribes which laid the foundation of the Empire.

The horrors of Louvain will for ever cling to his memory, and when the war is over, for them he will have to make such retribution as is possible.

## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### TRAINING ON HOYLAKE LINKS.

FROM Hoylake I hear that there are 250 recruits and others of the Cheshire Regiment training on the links for three mornings in the week. The putting greens are regarded as being "ponds," and the officers are very good in seeing that damage is, as far as possible, avoided. The club has done its part well. Between fifty and sixty members are either in the Territorials or have enlisted; practically all who are eligible have joined one force or the other. Among them is Mr. Jack Graham, who holds a commission in the Liverpool Scottish. The green staff will be reduced by half, only those who are married remaining, and the same will probably soon be true of the house staff. One man out of the shop has gone, and another was only prevented by the doctor. Nobody can say that Hoylake is not playing up.

### NEWS FROM RYE.

As is the case at Sandwich, many of the able-bodied caddies who are not able to join the Colours have been digging trenches near Dover, and also doing sentry and picket duty. They have been working very hard, but are exceedingly fit and content. Two Reservists among the groundsmen have gone to rejoin the Colours, and seven of the caddies have joined the local Territorial corps, which is now full. There are about five young men left; these, as a gentle hint, have been put at the bottom of the list for employment as caddies, and another has been taken off the work of weeding the greens on the sound argument that this can, if necessary, be done by girls. Brown, so well known to all Rye golfers—his figure is a familiar object in the landscape, looking out to sea in a suitably nautical manner—has been for some time at Chatham, whither he went at an hour's notice.

### PROFESSIONALS ENLISTING.

Mayo, the well-known professional at Burhill, has devised a scheme for assistant golf professionals to join the Army in a body. Enthusiasm is contagious, and a number of men who know each other will gladly join together, when each solitary individual might feel reluctant. Mayo tells me that he thinks there must be some four hundred assistants who are all single men and eligible for service, and all he wants is for as many of them as possible to send him their names as fast as possible. His own brother's name is the first on the list, and that of Amos, one of his assistants, the second. Mayo is going to spend all his available time dashing round on his motor-bicycle recruiting, and he has got Duncan, Ritchie and Wilfred Reid to help him; all of these four, it is superfluous to add, are married men. The plan seems a good one and deserves to be encouraged both by amateur and professional golfers. Mayo should succeed in adding some capital recruits to swell one of Lord Kitchener's hundred thousands.

### SIR KENNETH MUIR-MACKENZIE.

Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie has been Permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor since 1880, and so has seen the making of many judges. He plays much of his golf at Wimbledon, and is an admirable player in a foursome, when he can be guaranteed to supply as much accuracy as the youngest and most slashing partner can supply length. Such a golfer is particularly valuable at Wimbledon, where, to the honour of the course he it spoken, the after lunch foursome still lingers with the red coat.

### BUNKERS AND ENTRENCHMENTS.

It is not only the caddies of Sandwich and Rye who are digging trenches. I am told that Mr. Robert Maxwell (now of the 8th Royal Scots Territorials) is busy digging bunkers somewhere in the East Lothian, which he hopes will be even more fatal to the Germans than to the members of the Honourable Company. *A propos* of this subject, I had a letter the other day from one who has the double qualification of having been through the Boer War and being an expert golf "architect," suggesting that a good bunker and a good entrenchment have this in common: that they are invisible to an approaching enemy. This is certainly true of a good modern bunker when it is looked at from the hole side. All that one then sees of it is a slight rise in the ground, apparently natural, and it is only on a close inspection that one can see that

on the further side is a sandy hole, in which there might lurk a man with a rifle. This is a very different type of bunker from the old-fashioned rampart, which would certainly prove a very poor kind of entrenchment indeed, in as far as it would loudly proclaim the presence of the entrenched. My correspondent says that he was greatly impressed by the Boers' skill in making these concealed bunkers, and no doubt we have learned something of their art. B. D.

### DOUGLAS ROLLAND.

It is sad to hear of poor Douglas Rolland's death, still in what is not a great deal more than the prime of life, and what is almost more sad is the little notice, even in golfing circles, that the death of one who was once so very great a golfer attracted. I remember—I even took my little part in it—

his *début*, when he and Jack Simpson, who played his last hole many years ago, came over from Earlsferry, where they were stonemasons, and very severely hammered Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville and me. We felt badly about it, until the next Open Championship, which ended with Jack Simpson winner and Douglas Rolland second. Then came his great home and home match with Mr. Johnny Ball, in which Rolland again was an easy conqueror. After that he became a professional and went South, to Malvern. While there, some of the caddies stole the whiting pot and wrote hugely on the Down side: "Douglas Rolland is a man." He might accept that great meed of appreciation as his epitaph.

H. G. H.



SIR KENNETH MUIR-MACKENZIE, G.C.B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PONIES AS REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We do not know what the loss of Cavalry and Artillery horses has been in the recent operations, but we are quite sure that the Army will require reinforcements of horses before long. The nature of the service and the character of the country in which our troops are operating is not unsuitable for the employment of horses of the ordinary troop-horse type. The Army has been strengthened by the addition of large numbers of horses of the hunter type, and in hunter condition, but this source of supply is not inexhaustible. The Yeomanry have a good many hunters in their ranks, but these ought to be passed on to the Regular Cavalry. We have, it is to be hoped, enough, but we have certainly none too many. We must turn to our other sources of horse supply. There are the ponies; they are suitable for Light Cavalry, for Mounted Infantry and for scouts. This is no novelty. A student of regimental histories knows that our Dragoons, light and heavy, were in their early days mounted on horses of 14h. and upwards. At an early inspection of the 13th Light Dragoons (now Hussars) the Inspecting Officer paid the regiment a tribute of praise for its horses or, as we should say, ponies; they were, he says aptly, "very nimble"; their sharpness and handiness evidently struck him as the same quality in our polo ponies struck Lord Kitchener in South Africa. Of course, if one comes to think of it, there were at that time comparatively far fewer big horses than are now available. Indeed, all over Europe the Dragoon who was a mounted infantryman was, as a matter of course, mounted on a 14h. pony. We, however, are hardly making sufficient use of our incomparable ponies. For years past we have been striving for their improvement. The Board of Agriculture, the National Pony Society and many individual breeders have taken up the pony and its proper treatment. The processes of selection of the best and the elimination of the less desirable types have gone on apace during the last ten years. Our ponies are better now than they have been for many years. We have probably not bred any so good since the days when the decay of pony racing caused the smaller ponies to be neglected and forgotten. For hardiness, endurance and vitality we cannot beat the pony. He eats less, works harder and lasts longer than the bigger horse in the long run. Anyone who has watched native ponies in their haunts must have observed what fine natural action they have. The freedom of their early lives, the fact that they have to look after themselves in rough ground makes them extraordinarily clever. They are very patient of changes of weather and climate. They mind rain very little; indeed, they have every quality for a troop horse except size, if, indeed, height be a desirable thing, which I doubt. The warriors of the world are against us. The Arab is a pony, so is the horse of the Cossacks, so, too, are many of the horses of the Indian Cavalry. Fourteen hands one inch is charger height in India. Yet I can recollect how the foreign officers at Delhi admired our native Cavalry regiments and the quickness of their movements on parade and in the field. To a man accustomed to Indian Cavalry the English Cavalry seems slow. The best of the pony is that you cannot put him in the wrong place. He is as useful in draught as under the saddle, and he will carry a pack or a man equally well. He is an easy animal to feed, and requires less to thrive on than a horse, not only less in proportion to his size, but less in proportion to the work he does. We are not using our ponies as we ought to do to save and economise our horses. For Light Cavalry, Yeomanry and Infantry officers' chargers they are not merely good, but the best. The truth is, that most of our remount buyers are Cavalry and hunting men, and they dislike ponies and do not in their hearts believe in them. The ponies must be chosen and bought by pony men who know what is wanted and what to look for. There used to be a squadron of scouts in the New Forest. These men knew the country almost as well as a German spy. They rode their own ponies, but the authorities had no rest until they abolished them. These men might be most useful now in home defence and relieve a number of men by patrolling the coast they know so well for other duties for which the Yeomen are, or soon will be, wanted. Light, active, enduring, intelligent,

the men and the steeds of the pony corps are waiting to be utilised. Waiting not so much for the necessity that is here as for the good will of the powers that be.—T. F. DALE.

## HEAVY SWEDISH SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few days ago a very fine salmon was captured at Lulea. It weighed 29½ kilos. (about 67lb.), and its total length was 142cm. From point of nose to gills the head measured 39cm., and the width of its tail was 39cm.—L.

## GROUSE IN A STORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the note on destruction of birds in a storm at Teesmouth (COUNTRY LIFE, July 18th, 1914), I have received some interesting information as to the killing of grouse by a fall of ice from Thomas Whitwell, Mr. E. B. Emerson's keeper on Swainby Moor, who states that the storm there took place on Saturday, July 4th, and not on July 2nd. It was quite local, centring on Live Moor; in fact, it did not extend to the big moor, which is only half a mile distant across Scugdale. The ice is described as being in lumps of all shapes and sizes up to about three inches in length, as though a large collection of icicles had been broken into fragments, and the storm continued for about half an hour with continuous thunder and lightning. In places where large coveys of grouse had been located they were entirely wiped out, and this season is the worst ever known; but the big moor is above the average, equal to the best years Mr. Emerson has experienced.—THOMAS H. NELSON.

## THE DEATH OF ST. FRUSQUIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—That famous horse, St. Frusquin, who died on Monday, August 24th, has been generously presented to the British Museum of Natural History by his owner, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, thus making a valuable addition to the number of celebrated horses which it must be the aim of the Museum to secure whenever possible. St. Frusquin galloped his way to glory in the course of two seasons, earning, in that brief space, no less than £32,975. But he gave way in the St. Leger, and was never able to run again

after his success in the Eclipse Stakes. St. Frusquin was Persimmon's most formidable rival. As a two year old, in 1895, he won the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket, though Persimmon was a very hot favourite. When the two competed for the Derby next year Persimmon had his revenge, though winning only by a neck. The skeleton of Persimmon now stands in the saloon set apart for domesticated animals, and presently St. Simon will stand beside him. If room can be found, St. Frusquin will also stand here. Failing this, it will be added to the study collection, which contains the remains of Stockwell, Ormonde, Bend Or, Royal Hampton, Donovan, Corrie Roy and Ayrshire. Enough material will soon be at hand to make a careful series of comparisons



ST. FRUSQUIN.

between the skeletons of these animals, which may reveal important data in regard to their performances. It is to be regretted that the systematic collection of the skeletons of thoroughbreds had not begun long ago, beginning with that of the Darley Arabian.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

## THE SPIRAL STRUCTURE OF TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see an interesting letter in your issue of August 22nd on the spiral twisting of the bark of trees, from Mr. Maurice G. Pearson. He will find a good deal about the spiral growth of trees and plants in a book just about to be published by Messrs. Constable and Co., called "The Curves of Life." I only write now to say that the chestnut exhibits both varieties of spiral twist, and probably the same should be said concerning the Lombardy poplar and the blue gum. We can say that all hops twist to the left and all vines to the right, for example; but such generalisations are impossible in the case of trees. And finally, let me protest against his describing the twist of a "right-handed screw" as "clockwise." A screw has no hands. He



means, I suppose, the "right hand" twist of an ordinary screw, which moves upward from the left towards the right. "Clockwise" can only mean the direction in which the hands of a clock move round its dial. This is from the right to the left, from three o'clock to nine o'clock if the watch lies flat on the table, following the sun, as you pass the port, or deal at whist.—THEODORE A. COOK.

## SPORTING TENANTS AND SCOTTISH LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Scottish law is more difficult to understand than even the English; and laws relating to shooting, involving as they do questions of local custom, are most intricate. The facts, however, in my case are fairly simple. No heather under ten years old may be burnt, only in five-acre patches, nothing burnt after April 11th. "Flow" land may be burnt under an extension of time granted by the Sheriff. This permission may be given only if the weather in the burning season has been too wet. Now, as for more facts. There is no heather on this shooting, anywhere, of ten years' growth. What burning has been done has ignored any limit of acreage. On April 10th fire was given to heather, and in the case of three localities some two miles of good heather were destroyed. The weather had been good. On notification being sent to the factor, that official came to view what had been done. So far no compensation has been offered for the destruction of the best part of the grouse ground, and rent is demanded as before.—SHOOTING TENANT.

## A SOUTHERN SURVIVAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I enclose a photograph for publication in your paper if you think it worth a place. In touring the country districts of Somerset and Dorset I have been much interested to find that the old custom of running a "bell wether" in the flocks still survives here, although it is discontinued in most of the big mountain flocks in the North. The bell is attached by a strap to the neck of a wether, or otherwise the biggest sheep in the flock. In the North the idea was for the bell wether to act as leader to the flock when



THE BELL WETHER.

the sheep were grazing on wide stretches of unenclosed common land, but in the South the chief use of the "bell wether" is to draw the attention of the shepherd when the sheep are breaking flock. In such a case the motion caused by the sheep's running causes the bell to ring loudly and continuously, thus calling the shepherd from his hut to take steps to check the rush.—B. BROWNE.

## BOTTLING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can tell you an easier and quicker way. Fill the bottles with fruit, as you say, but do not boil them in pans, fish cans, etc. The bottles are apt to crack, even when surrounded with hay, which is messy and not always to be had. Place the bottles in a moderate oven till the fruit has shrunk about a third. Have ready a kettle of boiling water; it *must be boiling*, and first boil. Fill up the bottles and at once tie down with bladder previously soaked. Place the bottles on top of the oven to cool slowly—say all night—and store. By this method I have kept fruit two years, notably whinberries, which were as good as freshly gathered. I have known it fail once only, viz., when the housekeeper did not cover the bottles immediately. Before Christmas all that lot had gone bad and had to be thrown away—a loss of a good many dozen bottles. Raspberries should have the tiniest drop of vinegar at the bottom to preserve the colour. If too much it becomes raspberry vinegar. By having the bottles, etc., ready, my cook frequently finishes off one or two dozen last thing before going to bed.—H.

## FRUIT PRESERVING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The method as shown in the *Garden* (reproduced in *COUNTRY LIFE* last week) may be better for a couple of wrinkles from the process as followed on a Derbyshire farm nearly a century ago. To the farm was a large orchard and fruit garden, and every year for winter and spring use plums and bush fruits were bottled in glass jars in exactly the same method. Gooseberries—red, white and yellow—were stripped from the bushes by the bushel, and then picked twice in one operation; the best berries were taken in the finger and thumb—first pulling—then the stalk and the cap were cut off with

scissors and the "tailing and heading" done. Each berry was dropped into the jar or bottle to fill it, the process completed as shown by the *Garden*. With plums it was the same as regards stalks, but as it was held that the "bloom" should not be rubbed off, branches of damsons laden with the fruit were cut off the trees, and each damson was twisted, not pulled, off and dropped into the jars to keep the bloom intact. Then the boiling and covering details were carried out. It was worth all the trouble to have practically fresh fruit at Christmas time. It was also worth something to have at this season such matters as kidney beans and peas quite fresh on the table. These were kept in jars packed with salt.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

## WILD LIFE IN LONDON PARKS.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I herewith venture to send two prints of tame wild life to be found in

our London parks, thinking they may be of interest to your readers. The tameness of the wood-pigeons in St. James's Park is one of the things which always amazes country folk who see them for the first time, and who know them at home as very wary birds. As a matter of fact, the man who is feeding them in the picture has the gift of inspiring confidence in the feathered community, and sparrows and pigeons will flock to him when they will not approach other people.

The other picture shows how the grey squirrels in Regent's Park respond to the lure of a Barcelona nut. Equipped with these or monkey nuts, it is easy to attract these lively, pretty little animals and to gain their confidence. Their numbers seem to have been greatly depleted recently, and it is to be feared that many have been stolen.—A. S.

## WANTED — "COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could send me some old numbers of *COUNTRY LIFE* for a sick man in this town? He is too weak to read, but he finds the pictures of scenery in your paper most refreshing. In this city many appreciate a paper which contains nothing political, and very real pleasure will be given by any old numbers which can be bestowed here.—ROSAMOND STEPHEN, Feenish House, 121, Crumlin Road, Belfast.



THE FRIENDLY PIGEONS.



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?